THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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O MANY MOODED WIND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O Wind, where hast thou been
With such untiring feet?
What distant lands o'errun
With footsteps light and fleet?

Thy breath has stiffened o'er
The northern water's breast,
And turned the sea bird's eggs
To rocks within her nest.

Thou'rt in the black Simoon
That travels torrid lands,
A frown upon thy brow,
And death among thy sands.

Terrific on the shore,
And furious on the main,
Thy dark and direful wrath
Stirs up the hurricane.

Yet in the milder zones
Thou play'st a kinder part,
Full oft thy coming there
Uplifts the fainting heart.

Around the sick girl's bed
Thy noiseless footsteps go,
And gratefully she turns
To catch thy whispers low.

Thy fingers, too, have played
With touches soft and coy,
With all the sunny curls
Of yonder sleeping boy.

But 'round the rugged rock,
And up the mountain peak,
And where the lone ship sails,
Thou utterest many a shriek.

With dash against the door,
And clatter at the panes,
We hear thee drive thy steed
And gather in the reins.

Then charge with fresh assault,
Or move with wail along,
Chanting in gloomy notes
Thy wild and dismal song.

Yet many mooded wind,
With all thy strange caprice,
Thou mov'st at God's command—
He bids thee rage or cease.

MARIE S. L.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE WISHING-GATE.

The kitchen at Ander Farm, or Ander Nook as it was more usually termed, like many a kitchen in Cumberland at the period of our story, in houses of far greater pretension, was kitchen, and parlor, and all. Its windows, which might have been made to command one of the loveliest views in Great Britain, looked out upon the little farmyard, of which a very dirty pond, patronised, however, by some magnificent ducks, and a prodigious midden or dunghill, were the principal features. This last, indeed, was so near the long low dwelling, that it partially overshadowed the apartment in question; and it was not originally a light room. In place of ceiling, huge dark beams of wood crossed and recrossed it, from which, later in the year, black sides of bacon would cluster thickly as grapes in a vineyard; while in the ample chimney would be suspended by their hind-legs perhaps half-a-dozen whole sheep, which, headless and disembowelled, presented, to one ignorant of that good old Cumberland custom, rather a terrific spectacle, but to the guidman of the house, as he sat with his pipe beneath their comely carcases, afforded great comfort in assurance of plenty against the coming winter. The hooks for the support of these chimney ornaments were hanging in their places even now, and gave the idea that some Brobdingnagian fisherman was putting in his lines outside the roof; and that one of them had been so fortunate as to catch an iron pot, from the lidless top of which escaped a savory smell, in which the connoisseur in broths might have detected onions.

Of articles of *certu* in this chamber there were none; but immediately opposite the fire, every ray of which was reflected in its polished depths, stood an oak-chest, that would have fetched much money in Wardour street, Soho. It was of great size, and wore upon its brown-black brow a date of two centuries ago; fruit and flower, and bird and beast were carved over its glossy face and sides in great profusion, if not in exact similitude; and around the keyhole strayed this way and that, like the vague yet complex flourish of a writing-master's hand, some thin tarnished bands of silver. Intense polishing—"elbow-grease" was the homely term—had brought the old chest to such a pitch of perfection that it shone like a mirror; but the precious metal had suffered from this discipline, and was gradually fading away for want of plate-powder. Although similar articles of furniture were by no means rare in the district, contrasting curiously enough with the rudeness and simplicity of their surroundings, this chest was an exceptionally fine one, and constituted the chief pride of old Tyson Harrison, its present possessor, who, though confined to his bed with rheumatism in an adjoining room, caused his door to be left wide open, that he might watch the fire flare and flicker upon the article in question, and calculate how many layers of brown oat-cake were hidden beneath the shining lid. Two spinning-wheels, also of antique but handsome materials, stood near the window, the one of the usual sort, but the other a very large one, on which the wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Many a year during his long life had hard-working Tyson spent in that honest exercise, and many a thousand pounds (of wool) had he made by it; but he had bidden Niece Mary move it out of his sight now; he could not bear to look upon it since Dr. Warton had honestly given him to understand that he would never be up and about again, and far less able to follow his favorite employment. As the disabled sportsman puts away his fowling-piece, knowing he shall never more brush the stubble or the dewy turnips with his eager feet; or as the ancient whisp-player, with his memory gone, avoids the green baize-field which can be no longer the scene of his triumphs, so the frugal farmer could not trust himself to gaze upon that representative not only of his chief amusement but of honest toil.

Tyson Harrison had never been a pleasure-seeker, and that which had contributed to swell his store had afforded him greatest satisfaction—at least so long as Niece Mary had ever known him. By many he was called "close-fisted," and indeed he was not a generous man, but he had never been an unjust one; and it was pitiful to see the old fellow powerless upon his bed that afternoon, while the spinning-wheel stood silent in its unaccustomed corner, and the shadows lengthened and deepened about him like the drawing near of Death. His mind was busy where his body could not be—in his meadows, or about his little farm; and his ear was vigilant to catch each well-known sound—the frightened rush of the sheep driven by the colly-dog, or the low of the cows coming in from pasture, which instantly represented to his eye the operation without. He would never behold them more except in that way, and it troubled him to think how things might be going on without his superintendence. Now and again, his thoughts involuntarily pictured how matters would be when he was dead and gone; but he was averse, like most of his class, to this objective view of the matter. It would be time enough to entertain such very serious considerations later on. He had not yet made his will, but he intended to do so on the first convenient opportunity. Niece Mary was his sole heir, but it was necessary that "the property" (it was ridiculously small to be so entitled, but the phrase pleased old Tyson) should be tied up. Mary, although a good wench, was a romancing, foolish girl, and as likely as not to make a bad match of it. He had given her a piece of his mind about Miles Ripson, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who was sometimes without a sixpence, and at others in possession of more money than could be easily accounted for; and he had heard about her goings on with George Adams, the red-coat; and although he did not believe the girl was such a fool as to think seriously of becoming the wife of either, it was his intention to make such testamentary provisos as should rob her of all attraction in the eyes of such "trash" as they. Not to do that, would be to fail in his duty to his own, which, said the Good Book that lay upon the little window-seat within reach of his hand, was to behave "worse than an infidel."

There was one other volume there beside, *The Shepherd's Guide*—and those two books comprised his entire library. The *Guide* was rather a monotonous volume, having a wood-cut of a single sheep upon each page; but he was never tired of looking at one particular picture. Above the marks of the bodies of the sheep belonging to Tyson Harrison of Ander Nook were set forth with great particularity: "Cropped near ear, upper key bitted far, a pop on the head, and another at the tail, head ritted, and with two red strokes down both shoulders." To read this familiar jargon over and over again, afforded him genuine satisfaction—such magical privileges does a little property confer upon its possessors. But although Farmer Harrison's library was thus restricted, his niece had quite a Bodleian upon the shelves of her own little room; volumes which were neither rare nor curious, having indeed all been purchased at various times from travelling hawkers at an almost uniform rate of ninepence a piece, but which Mary reckoned to be the most precious things she had. *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, the *One-handed Monk*, and *Tales of Horror*, formed her favorite literature by day; but towards nightfall she was apt to grow timid, and to exchange that species of reading for works of a less sensational character, such as *The Pride of the Village* and *The Maid of Buttermere*. She was at this moment engaged in perusing the last-mentioned narrative in the kitchen, but not so deeply enthralled in its dismal details but that over and anon she threw a glance up at the huge old-fashioned clock, the hands of which were pointing to near seven o'clock. She had not been out that day, for she could not leave her poor uncle alone, and everybody about the farm who could have filled her place within-doors, had gone down to the wrestling in the vale; but she was now expecting the arrival of a certain person that would relieve her for a little of her charge. She was a kind-hearted girl and an attentive nurse to her uncle, but she had a particular reason for wishing to be at liberty that evening, and the time would have passed very wearily but for her little book. O blessed powers of the printing-press! what benefits have you not conferred upon the watcher, you at whose magic touch the Hours straight take to themselves wings, and anxious care and the pangs of love itself are forgotten! May your Worshippers have a constant charity for those who are not in the true faith, and despise or have no liking for books, for they suffer many things against which there is no antidote. No wonder poor old Tyson, who has read with difficulty his allotted chapters in the Sacred Volume, and has wearied himself with staring at the wood-cut of his spotted sheep, is impatient and cross.

"Mary, hussy!" cries he through the open door, "what art doin'? Where is my broth?"

"It is not quite ready yet, uncle; you shall have it in five minutes."

"Ay, it's always five minutes between me and everythin' I take a fancy to; and when the time's over the taste is gone. Give me a pinch of 'baccy; 'tis in the big horn in the cupboard."

"I don't think you had better take 'baccy, uncle."

"Thee kenst nothin' about it, fool. Bring the— Stay, there be the dogs. See if that isn't Passon comin'; it's long past his hour; but then nobody thinks of a poor bedridden old man like me."

"Nay, I am sure Mr. Wilson never forgets anybody, uncle, much less an old friend like you. But maybe he has been to Langsleddle, which is a good step—"

"Ah, coortin'!" interrupted the old man contemptuously. "A pretty thing at his time of life, and he allus talkin' of the graveyard."

"But the poor girl was left without a penny, and her father such a friend of Passon's, uncle; he could na well have provided for her in any other way."

"Yes; you're always for coortin', you are. But I say, there's na fool like an old un. Can't you run out and see whether it *be* Passon, instead of— I can't see you, but I ken you're readin' some rubbishin' book. So soon as ever I get about again, I'll burn the whole package on 'em, that I weell."

Scarcely had this barbarous threat been uttered, when the latch of the door was lifted, and there entered an elderly man, of benevolent countenance, dressed in a coarse black frock trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck in place of a stock, and with a pair of "clogs" on—huge wooden-soled shoes plated with iron—a presentment of a clergyman of the Church of England, such as would have turned an Oxford divine scarlet. And yet this gentleman was a pluralist, enjoying the united revenues of the curacies of Sandalthwaite and Arndale, which, together, produced him an income of eight-and-twenty pounds *per annum*. He was also the schoolmaster of both parishes, but as he only took money from such parents as were willing, as well as able, to pay for the doubtful advantages of education, he received per head considerably less than is paid for the mere article of birch at Eton. Moreover, since the parishioners of his smaller district were very scattered, it was his custom upon the Sabbath to give, after divine service, messes of broth to such as had come from far; and as this involved the cooking of as much fresh animal food as was intended for his week's consumption, the Rev. Robert Wilson lived six days out of the seven chiefly upon cold meat.

"How is your uncle, Mary?" said he in a low voice, and nodding towards the sick man's chamber. Mary shook her head despondently.

"I was afraid so," continued the visitor. "I met Dr. Warton on my way to—to Langsleddle, and he told me we must expect no change for the better."

"Why doan't ye come in hither, Passon," exclaimed the farmer peevishly, "instead of whisperin' with that wench about *me*? I ain't a-goin' to die yet awhile, I can tell ye.—How 'se your young woman, Passon? Ech, but you're a bold man to wed wi' one as is young enough to be your own wean."

The color rushed into Mr. Wilson's face, but faded away almost as quickly as it came.

"Yes, Tyson," said he with a smile, (and using the broad dialect of the district, which we may take as spoken), "I am really going to be married; and it is very kind of the young lady, as you were thinking, to take compassion upon an old fellow like me."

"Na, na, I didna say that," answered the sick man, mollified by this humility, and put in good-humor at finding himself with company about him—for both Mr. Wilson and Mary were standing by his bedside. "A gal might do waur, and much waur. I only wish my Mary here was sure of as good a husband as you, Passon. Old age ain't the worst thing that can be laid against a man—and you ain't so very old neither. Besides, why young folks die off now-a-days as likely as old ones. Who could ha' thought of poor Master Charlie being taken away so sudden? You've heard the news, I dare say?"

"Yes, I have, Tyson; and I grieve over it almost as though he were a son of my own. Never did I know so good a lad, nor one who gave such promise for his manhood. Poor boy, poor boy!"

"That's just what Mary says. You know she was up in service at the Hall until I was took ill; and she was for ever talkin' of Master Charlie—makin' a match between him and Miss Evelyn against when they grow up, and fancyin' how he was goin' to be a hero, like the Dook of Wellington, until she began to believe everythin' was really goin' to happen, just as in her rubbishin' books; and now the poor young fellow's drownded."

"Yes, and who got him drownded?" exclaimed Mary, her black eyes flashing through her tears; "who but his own aunt, Miss Selina, as poisoned his uncle's mind against him, and got him sent out to them furrin parts—"

"Hush, hush!" interposed Mr. Wilson reprovingly. "Miss Woodford could not possibly foresee such a sad mischance, and doubtless is sorry enough now for any harshness which she may have shown towards the poor lad."

"*She* sorry! not a bit of it, sir," answered Mary indignantly. "You don't ken her as I ken her, who have lived under the same roof. Nobody who wasn't a real bad un could behave as she does to that little angel, Miss Evelyn. And the dear child will break her heart now, and there will be none to comfort her."

"There is always One to comfort us, whether we are old or young," answered Mr. Wilson gravely; "and as I am about to speak of Him to your uncle, we had better be alone for a little. It would do you good to take a run upon the hill yonder, Mary, for you look pale; I dare say you have had no fresh air to-day."

We have said that Ander Farm was placed in a sort of cup, on the hillside, so that while the house and its belongings were clustered together snugly enough, the mountain sloped up immediately behind it rugged and limitless; and in front, to one who stood upon its brink, the whole world of Lakeland seemed to be stretched before his eyes. Mere love of the picturesque did not, however, induce the good folks of Sandalthwaite to climb so far as the Nook, the approach to which was gained by a zigzag road through a hazel copse; but it had two other attractions which made it irresistible, at least to the young—the one was its nuts, and the other was its Wishing-gate. In the proper season, the little wood quite swarmed with village children; at every turn, you came upon some youthful group which reminded you of Morland's pictures, and in the still blue air you heard on all sides the "crack, crack" of the shells, giving way before their sharp, white teeth; but all the summer through the Wishing-gate had its devotees. It was a prosaic-looking gate enough; and there was a dreadful Notice stuck upon a board beside it, threatening various pains and penalties against whomsoever should deface it; but it opened upon Paradise. As one stood leaning upon its topmost bar, there seemed, to a lover of the picturesque, scarce anything to wish for. Immediately beneath, lay the vale of Sandalthwaite, with its long mere studded with one or two rocky islets, and crossed by its bridge of planks, at that distance looking even frailer than it really was. The coach-road—for, notwithstanding Mr. Woodford's disparaging remarks, there *was* a coach-road—was hidden by the wood, so that the whole scene seemed shut out from the world in jealous seclusion; and yet there was many a sign of human tenancy.

Through the thick fir-clump opposite Blackbarrow, the sun would strike at noontide upon some window of Dowbank Hall, or in the evening, as now, the lights could be seen in its upper chambers. The night, too, must be dark indeed when Mr. Wilson's white-washed cottage did not gleam from beneath its sheltering sycamores. The village ale-house, too, flashed it's welcome early, where just now there was high revel after the wrestling-bout, although no murmur of it could reach so high. There was no sound in that July evening save the trickling of the beck from the Ander Tarn (far up the mountain,) which, to the quiet wood, all night, warbled its sweet tune. Much of this was lost upon the majority of those who visited the Wishing-gate, and I am afraid it was lost upon Mary Harrison. She had hastened thither while Parson Wilson was attending to her uncle's spiritual needs, for reasons quite independent of the scenery. She was a hearty believer in the *genius loci;* and she had come thither to wish her wish. Many a lad and many a lass had gone there before her to do the like, who were now lying yonder under the black shadow of the yew in the churchyard, with all their wishes ended. Generation after generation had come and gone, but the virtue of the spot had never failed. Gate after gate had been literally hacked and hewn to pieces, and this comparatively new one of her Uncs Tyson's was going the way of all wishing-gates also, in spite of the threatening placard. Nor were those who wished any wiser than their forefathers. Across and along the bars ran the carven wishes, as of old, some in prose, and some in verse, but all to the same tune. House and land, and money and kine, were the things desired; nay, in one case, some visitor (hot and thirsty, doubtless, after his noonday climb) had expressed in indelible characters his longing for a Mug of Beer. But the lovers, who in reality formed ten per cent. of the worshippers at this shrine, rarely left any record of their visit, beyond the name of the desired object: MARY HARRISON was inscribed on the topmost bar twice over: once fairly cut into the wood by a skilled carver, and again rudely painted in shining characters, evidently with a huge piece of black-lead, or "wad." Mary well knew by whose hand each had been placed there. The handsome brunette had many a suitor among the small statesmen in the neighborhood, but their humbler rivals, George Adams and Miles Ripson, took her romantic fancy far more than they. Both were very comely young fellows, and that they were poor, was far from an objection in her eyes. In the *Pride of the Village*, the heroine did not suffer her choice to be swayed by the base considerations of lucre, and Mary's heart had applauded her as she read. *The Maid of Buttermere*, on the other hand, afforded a terrible example of the evil of suffering the affections to be dazzled by social position. "How happy could I be with either, were other dear charmer away," is a sentiment which is by no means peculiar to males, and I am afreid that Mary had not quite made up her mind in favor either of George or Miles.

They were equally eligible in the way of poverty and humble station—the one a soldier, and the other a worker in a wad-mine; they both expressed themselves devoted to her, and happy only in her presence. What, then, had she come to the Wishing-gate to wish for? As her soft hazel eyes roamed over the lovely scene, they suddenly lit upon a sight which brought the scarlet to her cheeks, as though a gleam from what she saw—a red coat coming through the copse—had settled on them. It was not the first time that, by the happiest chance, a suitor had found her at that spot; but something seemed to tell her that this interview would be a more serious one than any which had preceded it. She had not expected to see either of her swains that evening, for she well knew that they had been wrestling at Sandalthwaite, and that after that healthful sport it was usual for the athletes to recreate themselves at the village inn. She was not so exacting as to have been annoyed if neither had come up to tell her the result of the day's contest: but, of course, she felt gratified by the present attention. It was certain, from George's having undertaken to bring the news, that Miles had not been at all events, so successful as himself. Poor Miles! How his fine, dark face would glow with anger, and his black eye flash fire! She was always somewhat frightened at him when his temper was roused; but still, she owned to herself that he never looked so handsome as then. The likeness, upon such occasions, between Miles and Count Conrad (surnamed the magnificent,) in the *One-handed Monk*, was quite remarkable.

Although Mary knew in her beating heart that the Sapper must be approaching very near the object of his siege, she pretended to be unconscious of his approach. Her attitude, her features remained the same, except that into the latter was thrown a certain thoughtful tenderness, which a lover would know how to translate; not that she was a flirt, but a woman.

"Mary," said a quiet, manly voice close beside her. "It is I; you need not start. Don't turn, don't look at me; but only tell me what you were wishing for."

"Why should I not look at you, George Adams?"

"Because I have something here which I do not want to show you till I have heard your wish."

"It must be the wrestling-belt!" thought Mary, always alive to the results of heroism. "Poor Miles!" But she *said:* "I wonder what it can possibly be?"

"What were you wishing for, pretty one, when I caught you here leaning over the Lucky gate?"

"What is that to you?"

"Much, Mary—everything!" returned George, with tender gravity.

"Well, then, perhaps I was wishing—mind, I only say perhaps—that *somebody* might gain the belt at Sandalthwaite."

"Then your wish is granted, pretty one: it is here, Mary. It is yours." And he cast aslant her shoulder, as the Queen wears her Order of the Garter, the broad thick belt of leather with its huge steel-buckle, in token of his prowess in the Ring.

All pity for his absent rival was lost sight of by the blushing girl in this act of graceful homage.

"Dear George!" cried she, "I am so glad!"

"Miles and I were the two last standers, Mary; and I 'felled' him. I thought of you a deal more than of the prize. He threw me the first time, and I seemed to see him coming up here this very evening to tell you of his victory; then I said to myself: 'He never, never shall.' It was you who strengthened me and made me conquer. And yet, Mary, it will have been all bootless balm, unless I gain another prize from your own lips."

"Why, I've given you one already!" exclaimed Mary, "you ungrateful man!"

"Yes, Mary; but I want something else, sweeter even than your kisses—your promise that one day you will become my wife."

"Oh, George! I really must have time—"

"There is no time to lose, Mary. I shall leave this place to-morrow: our work is finished here, and we are ordered south. May I depart in comfort, knowing that you have passed your word to be true to me? It will not be so very long ere I return and claim you for my own. Mr. Murphy has just promised, so soon as I obtain my discharge, to get me made an overseer at the lead-mine, through Miss Selina's influence, to whom—but that is a secret at present—he is going to be married. Come, dearest girl, say 'Yes!' or you will dismiss me a most miserable man. I shall scarcely be able to stay away from you even for a few months—for I trust it need not be longer—but if you doom me to lose you for ever, ah, heaven! I could not bear it. Promise me, promise me, dear one!"

"Hush, George; there is some one calling me up at the Nook—it is Mr. Wilson. Please, let me go."

"Not till you have promised, Mary: I will have your 'Yes' or 'No.' Oh, if you could but know how all my happiness hangs upon one little word!"

"Yes, then, dear George! I promise you to be your wife."

"Thank you! bless you, Mary! But one kiss more to seal the contract, and one in case I cannot get away to-morrow morning to wish you farewell. Good-by, good-by! I will write every week."

So home ran Mary, with the precious belt about her, like an Amazon who had lost her quiver, only turning once upon the crown of the field where it dipped into the farm-yard, to kiss her hand; and George was left alone by the Wishing-gate, having nothing to ask there of the Powers of Good, and picturing life as full of happiness as the world beneath him was of beauty.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANGE EVERYWHERE.

Though time and space may not be annihilated to make two lovers happy, still, it is permissible, in depicting the progress of our life-drama, to suppose the lapse of years. Let us appropriate a modest twelvemonth, to begin with; but one revolution of the seasons, yet long enough after his wife's death to admit, with one day added, of the disconsolate widower's taking another bride without remark from the Censorious, nay, long enough not only to forget the dead but the absent living. A scarcely heeded period of life to many of us, who pass to-day exactly as we passed yesterday, and as we shall pass to-morrow; but a whole existence to others, if into its space is crowded expansive Change—not necessarily of scene, or even of companionship, for in that case the life of a king's messenger would rank with that of Methuselah—but change of circumstance. Thus, Mary is still at Ander Farm, and has never been away from it, and yet the whole of her previous life seems short by comparison with this last year, during which Uncle Tyson died, and she herself became a wife. Again, at Gable End, where the shadows of its sycamores have fallen upon Parson Wilson every day for thirty years, and falls upon him still, this last year has seemed to rival all the rest for length. And he has been happy as the days were long—happier than ever before—cheered by his bright young wife, and of late by a miniature edition of her also (so delicate and precious, that for the present it is bound in flannel,) in the person of an infant daughter. At Dewbank Hall, too, there has been Change, and no small change.

When Mr. Woodford was first given to understand that his sister was actually engaged to Mr. Claude Murphy, he could not have flown into a greater fury if she had been his favorite daughter, and had announced her intention of wedding the footman. Instead of being charmed to get rid of her, and moved to pity for the poor fellow who had taken her off his hands, he anathematised her as an old fool, and her swain as a mercenary scoundrel. Never should either of them darken his doors again. If that painter fellow flattered himself that he should ever see a shilling of the Woodford estate beyond those four thousand pounds which his wife brought him, he had never made a greater mistake in his life. He, Mr. Ernest Woodford, was only two years junior to his sister, was considerably less bilious, had (by comparison) a heavenly temper, which rarely interfered with his digestion, and was thoroughly determined (and when had his will been unequal to the occasion yet?) to outlive Selina. Even if it were otherwise—though it would *not* be—that painter fellow would get little by his bargain: should his shrew of a wife have possession of the property for a few short years, she could still not leave a stiver behind her; he would have nothing save what he might manage to save during that period of plenty, and, thank goodness, he was a man with whom saving was an impossibility. Evelyn Sefton—a very nice child, Evy, and growing more unlike her aunt every day—would be the sole heiress of the Woodfords: all the golden fruit that had fallen to their share during the shaking of the pagoda tree, as well as the thousands that were coming in from the black-lead mine—for the Wad, that had once been used by the unconscious dalesman for marking their sheep, was now worth its weight in silver, and would all be hers. Although the inscrutable intention of Providence did appear to be that no Woodford should succeed to his own vacant throne—at least there should be no Murphy; an Englishman to the backbone himself, it was a comfort to reflect that in the harvest-field of his fortunes he would have no Irish gleaner. All this, and a great deal more, he had not hesitated to tell Miss Selina, face to face, and in his worst manner; and that lady had not been backward in retort. Poor little Evy fled the room in terror at the beginning of this battle-royal between her relatives; but it would have afforded a grown-up spectator of good principles the most intense enjoyment. The quarrels of the disagreeable are pleasant to good people, and this was *such* a quarrel. The store of venom which each was wont to expend upon the human family at large, was poured out upon one another in so great profusion, that had not nature been exceptionably plentiful to them in that secretion, their gall-bladders would have been emptied for ever. There is sometimes a greater temptation to the hasty-tempered than chivalry will admit to call a lady a fool; but to call her an *old* fool upon the occasion of her communicating to you her matrimonial engagement for the first time, is no doubt a strong expression of opinion and quite unpardonable, if warranted by the fact. Miss Selina had not expected congratulations, nor perhaps even to win her brother's consent. She had come armed for a combat *a loutrance*, with the shield of Disdain, and the cuirass of Contempt and the greaves (if we may say so without indelicacy) of the most perfect Independence; but this shaft of her ungallant foe struck home through all her defences. She had not intended to fight, but merely to lay down her gage—"I am going to be married to Claude Murphy, Ernest"—and let her brother take it up or not as he pleased. She scarcely expected that he would give his countenance to her proposal in the least; she was not even unprepared for his remark, that she might be married at the public-house, as being an appropriate spot for the celebration of such nuptials, for that she might rely upon it no wedding-feast would be spread at Dewbank Hall. But when he went on to tell her, in as plain words as she would have used herself, had their places been reversed, that this Irish adventurer would never have offered his neck to the matrimonial noose but for those hopes (the fallacy of which he at the same time distinctly pointed out to her) which the death of young Charles Woodford had awakened within him, and wound up all with those terrible monosyllables, "Old fool," then Selina's sword of sharpness leaped from its scabbard.

Man in his anger will say many things which he had better not have uttered, and which he will afterwards wish unsaid; but woman, once driven beyond the limits of prudence, will say anything and everything; not only the (disagreeable) truth, the whole (disagreeable) truth, and nothing but the (disagreeable) truth, but even *more* than the (disagreeable) truth; her imagination combines with her malice, and the result is something similar to Greek-fire, a missile scarcely permitted by the laws of war. We males have no reason to plume ourselves upon any great superiority in this matter. If Jones wounds our *amour propre*—derides our abilities as a divine, a lawyer, or (especially) as a professor of literature—and we come to hear of it through some good-natured friend, we go about "saying things" at the club which cannot be quite justified, about "that fellow Jones, don't we?" And yet what is such a provocation as calling one a dull writer—and *I*, for one, would try to be "even" with the utterer of such an atrocious slander, I confess—compared to the *spreta injuria formæ* in the case of a woman?

I don't know what Miss Selina actually said to her brother, and probably, in the whirlwind of her wrath, she herself did not know, but it was something that turned the Black Squire to that color which the sea wears when the dark weed beneath it is beheld through the shallow green. The word "Clementina," however, occurred in the sentence more than once; and the result was, as her brother had warned her it would be when she last uttered it in his study on the day when he received the news of his nephew's death: Selina Woodford left Dewbank Hall that very day for her mother's house at Leamington, where she arrived on the second night, and by her unexpected appearance in the drawing-room, where a card-party happened as usual to be assembled, caused her astonished parent to revoke in trumps. From that uncongenial roof (for Miss Selina had a religious horror of all cards except wedding-cards,) Mr. Claude Murphy carried her off as his bride a few weeks later. Of that event, Mr. Ernest Woodford received no intimation except through the columns of his *Commercial Times*, a paper which he was accustomed to peruse with sedulous care, and in which he found a small-text paragraph, uncommonly like an advertisement, setting forth that a certain well-known artist had been united in the bonds of Hymen to the sister and heir-presumptive of Ernest Woodford, Esq., the wealthy East Indian merchant, and proprietor of the newly discovered lead-mines in the neighborhood of Sandalthwaite, Cumberland. Over this statement, the gentleman it last referred to muttered something to himself, which may perhaps have been his congratulations; but if he drank the health of the happy pair after dinner, it was in solemn silence. Uncle Ernest, indeed, as Evy observed, was growing very silent, which formerly was not the case, and when he did speak—and this was a still greater change—his words and manner were conciliating and kind. "Little Evy," said he, "you are the only one now your old uncle has left to him. You are the last of the Woodfords: remember *that*." He gave into her charge all the keys of the house except that of the cellar, and bade her be his housekeeper from henceforth; and the good little domestic creature soon learned to order the things her uncle liked for dinner, and to make him as comfortable as his disposition would permit him to be. It was his whim that she should sit at the head of his table even when Mr. Wilson and his new wife dined at the Hall, as well as on those much more frequent occasions when Dr. Warton looked in for pot-luck, and sat with her uncle in his study over their cigars and whiskey and water, long after she was asleep in her tiny bed, dreaming of dead Charlie. It was her own request that she should wear mourning, and as everything she now asked was granted, she wore it, looking inexpressibly sweet and sad in her sable garments, and, except for the cap, like an inconsolable duodecimo widow. It did not displease her uncle that she had put away out of sight every relic of the poor lost lad—the hockey club that used to stand with the umbrellas in the hall, and the fishing-rod that hung over it—and carried the books that he used to call his own up to her private chamber; nor was his name ever mentioned by either herself or her uncle, although they both thought of him not a little (and she indeed almost perpetually) in their very different fashions.

Matters had thus gone on, as we have said, for about a twelvemonth, when there arrived one morning, while Evy was making tea at the breakfast-table, and waiting for her uncle (who was getting very late in his habits,) a note for the latter by the post, directed in the well-known hand of Aunt Selina. It was usually a good hand in point of plainness, though a skimpy, starved-sort-of autography too, as though the writer grudged the ink, and forbore to bear hard upon her pen, for fear the point should wear out; but on this occasion, the letters were ill-formed and shaky, as though the writer were either intoxicated (which of course was out of the question) or in ill health.

"This will make Uncle Ernest very angry," thought little Evy, for the most casual mention of Miss Selina by any of the servants would make him cross for the day; "and that is unfortunate, since I gave got to ask him a favor this morning for poor George."

Nor was the child's apprehension at all unfounded.

"What's *this?*" cried her uncle, his quick eye falling upon the letter in question, the instant he entered the room. "Who brought it? Who dared to bring it?"

"It came by the post, uncle."

"Of course, child; and it ought to have been put into the kitchen-fire. But fetch me one of my big envelopes, and back it shall go again unopened. Unless she's greatly altered, Sister Selina won't much relish having to pay the postage." He laughed aloud as he said these words; but while his niece went to his study to do his bidding, he scanned the obnoxious missive very carefully, and with knitted brows. "She's ill," muttered he, "her nerves are gone, or she would never write like this; and yet the woman's wrought iron. Perhaps she's poor and wants money, and therefore eats humble-pie. Yet that's not like her either; still it may be so: that painter fellow is just the man to run through four thousand pounds in a twelvemonth. Gad! if I thought so, I'd open it. I would, by Heaven! and then to-day would be the happiest day of my life!"

"Here is the envelope, uncle."

"Very well: lay it here, child." He put his sister's letter over it, but not within side. "Now, what have you got for my breakfast, Evy? A fresh trout: that is excellent."

"Yes, uncle; George Adams caught it in the lake this morning, and brought it here at once, thinking you would like it."

"Umph!" said Mr. Woodford; "I dare-say he thought a good deal about *that*."

"At all events, poor George could have meant no harm by it, uncle."

"Yes; it *is* harm in a young fellow like that going a-fishing instead of going to work: I hate idleness."

"He has got no work to go to, uncle; that was what I was going to ask you about this morning. He did expect, you know, when he got his discharge from the army, to get that place of second-over-looker at the wad-mine, which has not yet been filled up."

"*I* never promised it him," returned Mr. Woodford with irritation. "Let him go to his friend, Mr. Murphy: he's no friend of mine."

"He was a great friend of—of poor Charlie's, though, uncle, I think—I am sure it would have pleased Charlie, if he had heard that he was so well provided for. And you know how sadly he has been treated by Mary Harrison that was. Everybody pities poor George."

"*I* don't, for one," ejaculated the squire contemptuously. "I pity no one who is fool enough to put trust in a woman. I shan't give him the place. Now, don't go breaking your heart, Evy, about people of no consequence. There, I'll see about it, I'll see about it! Don't bother me with any such matters now: and if you have done your breakfast, you may go, for I want to be alone for a little."

When the child had left the room, Mr. Woodford once more applied himself to the superscription of his sister's letter. "It is certainly shaky, uncommonly shaky," chuckled he. "Perhaps the devil within her is really tamed. If she does want a reconciliation—which of course means Money—it would be a thousand pities not to open it. I wouldn't lose the gratification of writing No, for half the wad-mine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Empress Eugenie, at last accounts, had three thousand dresses. According to a fashionable woman, it must be a delightful thing to be an Empress.

☞ Dickens very seldom writes. He dictates, walking around the room. The volumes which enchant the world are phonographically taken down by his secretary.

☞ We regret to say that Mr. Horace Greeley has declined the mission to Austria. If not only Mr. Greeley, but about a dozen other prominent ultra politicians, of both political parties, could be induced to accept first-class foreign missions, we think it would be a good thing for the country, and not a bad thing for them. Never was there a time in which moderate men were more need, in all parties.

☞ The Revenue Commissioners Report last year stated that the men employed in the glass works and steel factories, in Pittsburg, have averaged eight dollars a day wages.

☞ A Yankee has purchased an island in the Ohio river and stocked it with black cats, to raise the animals for the sake of their fur.

☞ A Sabbath-school teacher in Columbus, Ga., offers circus tickets as rewards of merit.

A LOST NOBLEMAN.—There is a tradition belonging to the parish of Minster-Lovell, in Oxfordshire, that Francis Lord Lovell, being attainted during the reign of Henry VII. was pursued by soldiers, who endeavored to capture him; and having been seen to enter his house at Minster-Lovell, he was never heard of or found, notwithstanding every search was made for him. There is also a subsequent tradition that, in the eighteenth century, when the house formerly occupied by the Lovells was pulled down, in a vault was found the person of a man in very rich clothing, seated in a chair, with a table and mass-book before him. The body was quite perfect when the workmen entered, but the air soon turned it to dust.

A SIAMESE DESCRIPTION.—It is said that one of the Siamese embassadors (says the London Musical Standard,) on going home from his European visit, made an elaborate report on all he had seen, including the music he had heard in the West. He was very little impressed by the music, save and except that which he said was produced by "a great trunk set upon legs." "A woman," he wrote, "sits in front of this, and tickling a sort of tail it has with her toe, produces a variety of sounds by beating rapidly with her fingers on a number of little bits of ivory in front of it." Such is a Siamese description of our piano-forte.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECE'R 14, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

TIGHT LACING.

We have been somewhat amused in reading various articles in a London periodical on the subject of Tight Lacing; the articles being generally from ladies, giving in their various experiences.

It appears that there is quite a wide diversity of opinion upon this question—even among ladies who are evidently very intelligent and well educated. While a large number denounce Tight Lacing as very injurious to the health, and consequently also to the complexion—producing above all things, that outrageous blemish, a red nose—another equally large number deny that it is injurious either to the health or to the complexion.

Even upon the points whether a small waist is "fashionable," and whether it is admired by "the gentlemen," there is equal dispute. One "old subscriber" says:—

"Permit me to observe that, so far from small waists being 'fashionable,' as *Schoolmistress* and some others affirm, you would not find one waist in a hundred under twenty inches among the upper ten thousand. Whether they are the fashion in the middle classes I can't say, as I know nothing of them, but the present style of dress is so totally unsuited to long, slender waists, that every contrivance has to be resorted to when ladies are thin in order to make their skirts sit smoothly and well. If some of your correspondents would give the dimensions of their chests as well as their waists, we should be able to form a better estimate of their figures."

We consider the above "perfectly delightful." How the writer—a mature, well-developed dowager probably—is down on the "Schoolmistress." The idea of a "schoolmistress" even presuming to have an idea of what is "fashionable." As to what is the fashion in "the middle classes" our dowager naturally cannot say, as she "*knows nothing of them.*" Probably there may be such people—but certainly (as my lady supposes) what they think about the *fashions* can be a matter of very little consequence. We can imagine "Schoolmistress" taking to her bed after such a cruel rebuff, or committing suicide with her corset laces—the only kind of laces, poor thing, that she probably ever had.

"Florence and Emily" seem to agree with the lady who only knows about "the upper ten thousand," relative to the taste of gentlemen. "So far as their experience goes, *which they do not consider limited*, an unnaturally small waist generally calls forth remarks anything but flattering from gentlemen." Still, even "Florence and Emily" are desirous of knowing "the fashionable size for a lady's waist who is about five feet two inches?" Ah, the little pusses, they are doubtless anxious to know whether their own waists are just the proper size for a gentleman's arm to go around well.

"Debutante" gives her experience at a West End school, where the system of tight lacing was strictly enforced. At this school the corsets were ordered to be kept on, as tightly laced as ever, during the night. These corsets "did not open in front, and were fastened by the under-governess in such a manner that any attempt to unlace them during the night would be immediately detected at the morning's inspection. After the first week or two she felt no discomfort or pain of any kind, though as she was still growing, her stays became proportionately tighter." This shows that there is not so much difference between the English and Chinese civilizations as is generally supposed.

But the most curious of these productions, are two letters from *gentlemen*—both strong advocates of tight lacing. One, who signs himself "Benedict," says:—

"As an ardent admirer of small waists in ladies, I wish to record, for the satisfaction of those who possess them, the fact (which is sometimes disputed) that the pains bestowed in attaining a slender figure are not in vain, so far as we gentlemen are concerned, and some of us are positively absurd in our excessive admiration of this particular female beauty. Poets and novelists are perpetually introducing heroines with 'tiny waists' and impossible feet, and if they are to portray female loveliness in all its attributes they could not well omit two such *essential* points, and I take it their *ideal* is not an unfair criterion of the taste of the public at large. I am delighted to learn, from the very clear evidence put forward by your many correspondents, that 'small waists' are attainable by most ladies at little or no inconvenience, and that those of thicker build are willing to suffer a certain amount of pain, if necessary, in reducing their bulky figures to graceful proportions, and, above all, that this can be done without injury to health, *for*, after all, it would be a dearly-purchased charm if health were sacrificed. Some fifteen or twenty years ago I recollect the word 'stays' was uttered as though a certain amount of disgrace attached to the wearer, and 'tight lacing' was looked on as a crime; but I am glad to see that a reaction is setting in, and that ladies are not afraid to state openly that 'they lace *very* tightly,' and many of them declare the sensation of being 'laced as tightly as possible' is positively a *pleasurable one*. I may say that personally I feel that every lady of my acquaintance or with whom I may come in contact who does so places me under a direct obligation. I will go further than your correspondent, A Young Baronet, and say that whenever I meet a lady who possesses the charm of a small waist, and has the good taste to wear the tight-fitting dress now fashionable for promenade, I make it a point to see her 'pretty figure' more than once, and have often gone considerably out of my way to do so. Although married years and years ago, I am still a slave to a 'little waist,' and, I am proud to say, my wife humors my whim, and *her* waist is decidedly a small one. I will therefore add my experience to that of others (more competent to give an opinion, having experienced tight lacing in their own proper persons,) and state that she never enjoyed better health than when her waist was smallest, and I shall be much disappointed if her daughters, when they 'come out,' do not emulate their mother's slender figure. By keeping your 'Conversazione' open to the advocates of tight lacing, and thoroughly ventilating the subject, you will, in my opinion, confer a benefit on the rising generation of young ladies, whose mammas in too many instances are so *prejudiced* against the use of the corset that they permit their daughters to grow up into clumsy, awkward young women, to their own disgust and great detriment in the 'matrimonial market.'"

We should not be surprised to find that "Benedict," who writes the above, was engaged in the manufacture and sale of corsets. And as he admires "impossible feet" as well as tiny waists, we suppose he advocates the subjecting of his daughters' feet to a similar system of tight booting.

But the cream of the whole discussion, is a letter from a gentleman who speaks *from experience* as to the decided pleasure and benefits of Tight-Lacing. By all means, hear Walter:—

THE CORSET QUESTION. "Madam—May I be permitted for once to ask admission to your Conversazione, and to plead as excuse for my intrusion that I am really anxious to endorse your fair correspondent's, BELLE'S, assertion that it is those who know nothing practically of the corset who are most vociferous in condemning it? Strong-minded women who have never worn a pair of stays, and gentlemen blinded by hastily-formed prejudice, alike anathematize an article of dress of the good qualities of which they are utterly ignorant, and which, consequently, they cannot appreciate. On a subject of so much importance as regards comfort (to say nothing of the question of elegance, scarcely less important on a point of feminine costume) no amount of theory will ever weigh very heavily when opposed by practical experience. 'The *proof of the pudding*' is a proverb too true not to be acted on in such a case. To put the matter to the actual test, can any of the opponents of the corset honestly state that they have given up stays after having fairly tried them, except in compliance with the persuasions or commands of friends, or medical advisers who seek in the much-abused corset a convenient first cause for an ailment that baffles their skill? THE YOUNG LADY HERSELF does not complain of either illness or pain even after the first few months, while, on the other hand, STATLACK, NORA, and BELLE bring ample testimony, both of themselves and their schoolfellows, as to the comfort and pleasure of tight-lacing. To carry out my first statement as to the truth of BELLE'S remark, those of the opposite sex who, either from choice or necessity, have adopted this article of attire, are unanimous in its praise, while even among an assemblage of opponents a young lady's elegant figure is universally admired, while the cause of it is denounced. From personal experience, I beg to express a decided and unqualified approval of corsets. I was early sent to school in Austria, where lacing is not considered ridiculous in a gentleman as it is in England, and I objected in a thoroughly English way when the doctor's wife required me to be laced. I was not allowed any choice, however. A sturdy *madchen* was stolcally deaf to my remonstrances, *and speedily laced me up tightly in a fashionable Viennese corset.* I presume my impressions were not very different from those of your lady correspondents. I felt ill at ease and awkward, and the daily lacing *tighter and tighter* produced inconvenience and absolute pain. *In a few months, however, I was as anxious as any of my ten or twelve companions to have my corsets laced as tightly as a pair of strong arms could draw them.* It is from no feeling of vanity that I have ever since continued to wear them, for, not caring to incur ridicule, I take good care that my dress shall not betray me; but I am practically convinced of the comfort and pleasantness of tight-lacing, and thoroughly agree with STATLACK that '*the sensation of being tightly laced in an elegant, well-made, tightly-fitting pair of corsets is superb.*' There is no other word for it. I have dared to make this avowal because I am thoroughly ashamed of the idle nonsense that is constantly being uttered on this subject in England. The terrors of hysteria neuralgia, and, above all, consumption, are fearlessly promised to our fair sisters if they dare to disregard preconceived opinions, while, on the other hand, some medical men are beginning slowly to admit that they cannot conscientiously support the extravagant assertions of former days. 'Stay torture,' 'whalebone vices,' and 'corset screws,' are very terrible and horrifying things upon paper, but when translated into *coutil* or satin they wear a very different appearance in the eyes of those most competent to form an opinion. That much perfectly unnecessary discomfort and inconvenience are incurred by the purchasers of ready-made corsets is doubtless true; the waist measure being right, the chest—where undue constriction will naturally produce evil effects—is very naturally left to chance. If then the wearer suffers, who is to blame but herself? The remarks, echoed by nearly all your correspondents, that ladies have the remedy in their own hands by having their stays made to measure is too self-evident for me to wish to enlarge upon it; but I do wish to assert and insist that if a corset allows sufficient room in the chest, the waist may be laced as tightly as the wearer desires without fear of evil consequences; and, further, that the ladies themselves who have given tight-lacing a fair trial, and myself and school-fellows, converted against our will, are the only jury entitled to pronounce authoritatively on the subject, and that the comfortable support and enjoyment afforded by a well-laced corset quite overbalances the

theoretical evils that are so confidently prophesied by outsiders. WALTER."

Where is Barnum? Barnum is false to himself and the country, if he does not obtain that young gentleman—for he must always be young, and green—and exhibit him, in a pair of fashionable corsets, laced just as tightly as the strong man and the fat woman can draw them. Some curiosities are impossible to procure. There is "the man in the iron mask," "the man in the claret colored coat," and "the man who struck Billy Patterson"—but the man who laces, can and ought to be obtained, and held up to the admiration of an astonished world. Let Barnum get on the track of this English wonder as soon as possible. It will be more in his line than going to Congress.

But seriously—who would have thought that in these days, when the schoolmaster is abroad, and works relative to physiology on almost every book-shelf, there should be any question as to the unhealthfulness of tight lacing! That very many ladies defend lacing, moderate lacing, is a thing which every one knows—but these English ladies and gentlemen defend tight lacing—of the very tightest kind—and deny its being injurious to health, while they assert it is positively necessary to the preservation of a good figure.

So common is this practice of Tight Lacing in America as well as in Europe, that a lady physician of our acquaintance, who has had a very large experience indeed among her sex, says that there is scarcely any use in trying to remedy the general ill-health of which women complain, until this evil is rectified. She says that tight lacing, and tight dressing (when stays are not used) are almost sufficient of themselves to account for the ill-health of the thousands who have come under her care.

But so long as women believe that tight lacing and tight dressing are promotive of their personal beauty, physicians and physiologists will reason and remonstrate in vain.

Now what are the facts? We incline to the belief that the advocates of lacing are not altogether wrong, so far as appearances are concerned. That in a good figure the waist should bear a relative proportion to the size of the bust and hips, is evident. Of course any absolute rule as to the size of the waist in inches, is ridiculous. A slender person should have a slenderer waist than one who is developed more fully. The slope of the waist should be gradual, not wasp-like. The line of beauty is not a deep curve, but a gradual one. And a waist disproportionately small, gives the beholder a very uncomfortable impression; he feels by the force of sympathy, as if he himself were undergoing the process of being cut in two. We have often seen ladies promenading our streets, whose unnaturally small waists attracted great attention—scarcely a gentleman who did not turn to gaze after them. But the remarks made as they gazed were far from complimentary, either as to their appearance or their stock of sense.

But, on the other hand, there is a *tendency* in some women—and especially in English women—to a fulness of person that absolutely mars all elegance and proportion of figure. And woman, especially young women, who feel in danger of this, will subject themselves to almost any severity of treatment to avoid it. And their argument, put into physiological shape, would run thus:—It is not nature, beautiful and harmonious nature, which we wish to restrict, but an unnatural tendency to an inharmonious development. We do not want to restrict the ribs within undue limits—we only wish to make them keep their due size. We place before ourselves the model of a perfectly proportioned woman, and endeavor to make our own growing shapes conform to that wise and beautiful standard. We may, or may not, injure ourselves in other directions; but we improve ourselves in this point, in which our nature, left to itself, is perfectly gross, unrefined, and, in one word, insufferable.

Now we apprehend that our physiologists when they come to answer such reasoning, will find the subject a little more difficult than they have supposed.

The fact would seem to be this, especially so far as English women are concerned. A too great indulgence in the pleasures of eating and drinking, has unduly developed the stomach and waist. Now the proper remedy is one that requires time—for as a grossness of feeding, almost amounting to gluttony, through successive generations, has done the mischief, it will require the pursuance of more moderate and refined habits of eating and drinking, combined with proper exercise, to undo it. As for the present generation, nothing remains, according to sound physiological views, but to be contented with such moderate alleviations of the evil as a proper mode of living will bring about. The avoidance of a too bulky diet, and the taking of constant exercise, would probably produce considerable effect, even in one generation.

As to tight lacing, it is one of those sudden and "heroic" remedies, which are not in accordance with the course of nature, and generally are attended with the most pernicious results. In this country, there is very little excuse for it. The waists of American women are generally quite small enough. What they want is greater fullness of bust, of hips, and of limbs. They want exercise in the fresh air—which will clear their complexions, and give them better appetites. Eating more of solid, substantial food, both meats and vegetables, and less of sweetmeats and pastries, they would become fuller and plumper and rosier. Then their waists would look smaller, and their shapes really be better. Thus for their tight lacing there is not generally the same excuse as for their English sisters—and their remedy for poorness of figure lies in an opposite direction. In both cases, however, the rule is the same, considered as one for successive generations. Plenty of exercise in the open air, and plenty of good, substantial food—avoiding gluttony on the one hand, or a too rigid diet on the other.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.—A Concert in aid of the Sunday School of the Second Baptist Church of Germantown was held on the 3d inst. at the Town Hall. The room was crowded, and everything went off in the most satisfactory manner. The music was by the young ladies and the children of the school, assisted by Mr. C. D. Moore, Mr. J. M. Evans, and Prof. Porter.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The U. S. Senate has passed Mr. Edmunds's Bill pledging the redemption of the United States Five Twenties in gold, by a vote of 30 yeas to 8 nays. The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury contains an almost unanswerable argument on this point. The Secretary quotes from Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's speeches in Congress, as follows:—

"A dollar in a miser's safe, unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could they invest it? In United States loans at six per cent., *redeemable in gold in twenty years*—the best and most valuable permanent investment that could be desired."

Again, Mr. Stevens said:—

"But widows and orphans are interested and in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has money invested in the United States bonds *payable in gold in twenty years*, with interest semi-annually."

Secretary McCulloch adds:—"In these debates very little was said upon the subject of the payment of the principal of the bonds, apparently for the reason that no one supposed that they would or could be paid in anything else than in the heretofore recognized constitutional currency of the country. The same may be said in regard to the debates upon the bills authorising subsequent issues."

GIRARD COLLEGE.

A New York journal says that it hears sad stories of the cruelty, under the name of discipline, perpetrated in Girard College. We in Philadelphia have heard nothing of it—and therefore think the reports must be greatly exaggerated which have reached our New York contemporary. It is well however to keep a watch over all schools, for so many persons take to teaching who have never learned to control themselves, and are therefore totally unfit to have the control of others, and especially of children. Corporal punishment should be abolished in all our schools and colleges. A boy who cannot be managed save by the rod, is like a mangy sheep, and should be expelled, and thus separated from the rest of the flock.

A DASH IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A Reverend gentleman, who is also a Doctor of Divinity, objected the other day to the habit a certain friend of his had of always giving him his title of D. D., when he addressed a letter to him.

The minister said he should not care so much about it, if his friend wrote the initials as they were generally written; but, being a little of a wag, and opposed to such titles, he always took care to write the address as follows:—Rev. John Jones, D—D.

THE DRESSMAKER AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The tailor who was captivated by Niagara—"it was such a glorious place to sponge a coat,"—is matched by a recent lady visitor, of a dressmaking turn. This lady, while at Goat Island, is reported to have had no eye for anything but the delicate green of the falling water. "What a delicate shade!" she said. "How becoming it would be to a light blonde like me, Emma. When I return to New York I intend to have a dress just like it. Isn't it real sweet, Emma? I think it will be splendid!"

A celebrated writer says, "You cannot see anything more than is in you,"—and, in a similar strain, Milton wrote of Mammon—

"Even in Heaven his looks
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

DON'T SEE IT.—A French writer, M. Leo, says it is "an incontestable fact that in the New World woman is superior to man."

But recently, in Toledo, Ohio, a man lost his wife by death at nine o'clock Thursday forenoon; at three in the afternoon he buried her; and at six o'clock in the evening he was married again.

Now, we ask with emphasis—Can any American woman beat that?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. An Historical Sketch of the Days of Napoleon. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Daughter of an Empress," "Marie Antoinette," &c. Translated by Rev. W. Binot, A. M. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

INTO THE LIGHT; OR, THE JEWESS. By C. A. O. Published by Loring, Boston. This story is based on the progress of the heroine—"Naomi," a lovely Jewess—from the shadows of Judiasm, "into the light" of Christianity.

A NEW SYSTEM OF INFANTRY TACTICS, DOUBLE AND SINGLE RANKS. By Brevet Major-General EMORY UPTON, U. S. Army. By authority. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Phila.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. We have received from Mr. James S. Claxton, No. 1214 Chestnut street, the following volumes:—"Mother's Warm Shawl," by the author of "Gipsy Jem;" "Arthur Morland, a Tale for Boys;" "Oliver Dale's Decision," by the author of "Margaret and her Friends;" "Dick Fraser; or, The Trials of a Young Artist," by Mrs. Joseph Lamb; "Margaret and her Friends;" and "Penny Wise and Pound Foolish," by Mrs. Carey Brock.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1868. A neat little affair for the ladies. Issued by George Coolidge, Boston.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1868. Published by A. Winch, 503 Chestnut street, Philada.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price 25 cents.

THE MONIAD. A Satire. By Truth. Published for the Author.

CORNELL'S INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY. Forming Part Second of a Systematic Series of School Geographies. By S. S. CORNELL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The President's Message.

We give the following summary of the Message:—The President does not think that Congress has, in any way, advanced the work of Reconstruction, but that as much remains to be done as when he entered the Presidential office. He urges Congress to repeal the Reconstruction acts and remove the southern states from military rule. These acts are considered a violation of the national faith and in conflict with the Constitution. They overwhelm all the communities of the south, loyal and disloyal, in one common doom, and inflict upon them indiscriminate vengeance. He goes back to the barbarous ages to find a parallel for them, and regrets that Christianity and civilization have not prevented the enactment of such cruel and unjust laws. He regards the main object of these enactments to confer suffrage on the negro. This result will be full of evils. The blacks deserve humane treatment, but they should not be intrusted with political power. Millions of degraded slaves yesterday cannot be made intelligent freemen to-day. The President will aid in any plans to aid the negroes, but he will not surrender to them our political heritage. He condemns the extravagance of military rule in the south. It will require a large standing army and two hundred millions annually to maintain the supremacy of these negro governments, for the negroes never can maintain their own ascendancy. Mr. Johnson says that he has given much thought as to the extent of the resistance the Executive should show to unconstitutional legislation. Such resistance might, in times of political passion, lead to civil war. He would concede much to preserve the peace, but the time may come when he may be compelled to take a stand regardless of consequences. He does not think the Reconstruction acts invite the imperative interference thus intimated. They do not absolutely enslave the people—and the recent elections show to him that his confidence in the people is not misplaced.

The Message denounces the Tenure of Office Act as unconstitutional, and tending to provoke fraud by preventing the removal of dishonest officials. The financial question is discussed at length. The contracts of the Government should be honestly complied with, according to the original understanding of all parties. Congress should take steps to make the National notes as good as specie. This may be done without materially contracting the currency, although the currency will be governed by the law of supply and demand. All the Government creditors should be paid in a uniform money, not gold for one and paper for another. A sound currency basis is insisted upon, and this can never be reached so long as irredeemable notes are issued. He urges a thorough revision of our revenue system, and a reduction of taxation. The Alabama claims are still open. He declined the British proposition for arbitration because it was not frankly and fairly made. He expresses the hope that Great Britain will not persist in a refusal to grant our country justice.

NATIONAL FINANCES.—The report of the Secretary of the Treasury is a very able argument on the great financial questions of the day. The Secretary still adheres to the policy of contraction of the currency as the proper one to be pursued, and thinks there is no reason why the business of the country cannot be brought to a specie basis by July 1, 1869. In order to bring this about he holds that three things are necessary: first, the funding or payment of the balance of the interest-bearing notes, and a continuance of the policy of contraction; second, the full maintenance of the public faith in the payment of the public debt; and third, the restoration of the southern states. He argues that the question of specie payments underlies the great questions of the currency, taxation and reconstruction, and he urges this point elaborately.

CONGRESS.—The Senate has agreed to dispense with the prefix of Honorable to the names of its members.

Mr. Stevens, on Tuesday, introduced a bill for the partition of Texas. It instructs the Committee on Reconstruction to inquire into the expediency of dividing the territory lately known as the state of Texas into two or more states, to be admitted into the Union when duly qualified.

Mr. Wilson has introduced a bill providing that a majority of those voting in the south, instead of a majority of those registered, may call a Convention.

The Impeachment question was discussed on Friday, the 7th. Mr. Wilson, chairman of the Committee, moved to lay the Majority Report on the table. As there was an evident majority in favor of thus getting rid of the whole matter, the advocates of Impeachment filibustered, and prevented a vote being taken.

The House on Saturday took up the impeachment question. The vote was taken, and the resolution was disagreed to—yeas 57, nays 108.

THE COTTON TAX.—Mr. Schenck's Bill repealing the tax on all cotton grown after January 1, 1868, has finally passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 145 to 20. It will probably also pass the Senate.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.—The New York Chamber of Commerce has adopted a memorial to Congress, recommending a resumption of specie payments on the 1st of January, 1868, and the acceptance for custom duties of 10 per cent. in paper.

NEW YORK.—Hon. John T. Hoffman (Tammany Dem.) is re-elected Mayor of New York by 21,534 majority, over both Wood (Dem.) and Darling (Repub.)

DETECTIVE GENERAL BAKER.—This gentleman, whose testimony before the Impeachment Committee has already been questioned in various quarters, has a new assailant in Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee. A despatch from Nashville announces that the Governor, in a published card, gives a flat denial to the testimony of Detective Baker before the Impeachment Committee, wherein Brownlow is said to have been cognizant of a letter written by Andrew Johnson to Jefferson Davis. The Governor further says that he does not believe Mr. Johnson ever wrote a letter to Davis or any other man giving aid and comfort to the rebellion.

TORTOLA.—The Tortola mystery is at length solved. The last foreign mail brings from England a despatch to that Government from the Governor of the Island, by which it appears that a hurricane swept over Tortola on October 30th, lasting four hours. Two-thirds of the houses were destroyed; twenty-two persons were killed in Roadtown, the capital, and several more elsewhere on the island. The crops were all destroyed, and the Governor apprehended starvation unless the people obtained supplies from St. Thomas or adjacent islands.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—The status of General Grant and Edwin M. Stanton as Secretaries of War is held to be affected by a Tenure of Office Act, passed early in 1863. This Act is reported to declare that, when some officer of the Government, either the head of a bureau or otherwise, is designated by the President to occupy a vacant office in an emergency, he shall serve not more than six months. General Grant was assigned to the War Office in August last.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—A small body of French cavalry still occupy Rome, and probably will permanently. With this exception the French troops have evacuated the Papal dominions. His Holiness the Pope has taken measures to materially strengthen the Papal army. The fortifications of Civita Vecchia are being remodelled and rendered more efficient.

The Italian war office has ordered 300,000 Chassepot rifles. Many arrests for political offences have recently been made by order of the Government in different parts of the kingdom.

A despatch from Naples says that Mount Vesuvius, which has been smouldering for a long time, is now in a grand state of eruption.

INDIA.—A disastrous cyclone recently occurred in India. At Calcutta the loss of life and property was fearful. It is estimated that in that city and neighborhood alone 1,000 persons perished. 30,000 huts and habitations were utterly destroyed.

☞ In the play "Under the Gaslight," at the New York Theatre the newsboy came in on Thursday night, crying out, "Ere's the hextra; last dying speech and confession of Fernando Wood." The audience burst into a roar of laughter. Every one took and enjoyed the joke. Wood's "friends" have grown marvellously few since election.

☞ Inquests were held on 6,872 infanticides in England last year. The number not investigated is believed to be much larger. Would it not be better than this to have founding hospitals, like those in France?

☞ Cassius M. Clay, our Minister to Russia, is reported to be in very poor health.

☞ During the past twelve years statues of five eminent citizens have been placed in the public squares in Boston. Those thus honored are Franklin, Webster, Mann, Alexander Hamilton and Everett. Probably statues of the elder Quincy and John A. Andrew will soon be added to this list.

☞ The Springfield Republican vouches for the story that Mrs. Lincoln has now under serious consideration a proposition from a party of showmen, to put up her extra wardrobe in a gift enterprise, while she goes through the country to deliver lectures and sell tickets for it.

☞ A lady went out shopping, promising her little son she would get him a cocoanut. She procured one with the *husk* on, in which state he had never seen one. On arriving at home she gave it to the boy, who looked at it curiously, smiled, and laid it down. Presently he said, "Mother, where's my cocoanut?" "I just gave it to you," she replied. Taking it up again, he viewed it contemptuously for a moment, and exclaimed, "That thing a cocoanut! I thought it was a *waterfall!*"

☞ A lady at a party, singing in a wretched manner the song entitled "The Brook," on coming to the lines—

"Men may come, and men may go;
But I go on forever,"

provoked the remark from a gentleman present that, "if she was going on forever in that style, he guessed he'd take his hat and retire."

☞ An eagle in pursuit of a pigeon flew through the window of the room of T. W. Williams, in New London, on Sunday morning. The family sent for assistance, and he was captured alive and caged. The bird measured about five feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other.

☞ In a late lecture by Professor Huxley, in London, he states that he has read an Egyptian novel of much greater antiquity than the Pentateuch, and that he finds the original of the story of Joseph in this novel.

☞ During the late bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the bar of a seaside hotel, and with considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I'm lieutenant-governor of ——." "That doesn't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

☞ A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered floating on the surface and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was dispatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow. "Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body." "You don't say so!" "Yes, we have—the jury has sot on it and found it full of eels!". "You don's say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?" "Yes, it is; and we wish to know what you will have done with it?" "Why, how many eels do you think there is in him?" "Why, about a bushel." "Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house and set him again."

☞ The people of Surrey, in England, were much astonished on the night of Oct. 23d, by witnessing what appeared to be a shower of fire. This strange phenomena lasted about a quarter of an hour, and, while the shower continued, had the appearance of long threads of fire. The next morning it was evident that sulphur must have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary shower, since the puddles and water-butts were covered with a thick deposit of sulphur.

☞ A South Carolina paper uses one thousand dollar Confederate bonds for wrappers.

☞ From the public experience of the Court of Bankruptcy for the last twelve months, it is suggested that in future limited liability companies be designated as *Unlimited Lie-Ability Companies.*

From the Daily World, N. Y. City, May 15th.

We noticed a few days since the purchase by the Great American Tea Company of 12,300 packages of tea, at a cost of about $500,000, the cargo of the ship George Shotton. We are now informed that the same company yesterday purchased the cargo of the ship Golden State, 22,200 packages, at a cost of $830,000, probably two of the largest sales of tea ever effected in this city by one house.

☞ It has been decided by the debating society of Oxford University that "horse racing is unworthy of Englishmen."

H. H. H.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, to what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Sore legs, wounds, ulcers, &c., can be cured. The rational treatment as indicated by nature, is to reduce the local inflammation, sooth the neighboring nerves, cool the heated blood, and render the watery ichorous discharge consistent and healthy. Happily, Holloway's Ointment accomplishes these ends with unfailing certainty.

PURGE out the morbid humors of the blood by a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies. dec14-2t

INVIGORATE the whole nervous system *by toning* and stimulating the *nerve fluid* through the agency of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL and NEURALGIA NERVE-ACHE or any other nervous complaint succumbs to the influence of this successful remedy. Apothecaries have this medicine.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL HALVERSON to Miss EMMA L. STEELE, of this city.

On the 26th of Nov., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. THOMAS MITCHELL to Miss MARGARET PATTERSON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. B. FRANK SHARTS to Miss JENNIE R., daughter of Wm. R. Thomas, Esq.

On the 8th of Aug., 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JACOB WELDON to Miss MARGARET ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 3d of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM H. DAVIS to Miss ANNIE E. CLOTWORTHY, both of this city.

On the 11th of July, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. EDWARD L. RICH to Miss ANNA M. MYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL E. DICKINSON, in his 28th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. WILLIAM EAGER, in his 83d year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE HOPKINS, in her 82d year.

On the 2d instant, HARRIET M. MCCLURE, in her 48th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN F. FORSYTH, in his 29th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN GILLESPIE, in his 68th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ALLEN, aged 80 years.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM HOUSE, Sr., in his 80th year.

On the 30th of Nov., Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Christian Price.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more doing. About 5000 bbls sold to the retailers and bakers at $7.50@8.25 for superfine; $8.50@9.50 for extra; $10@10.75 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $10.75@12.25 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13.50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold in lots at $8.50@9 ₩ bbl. Brandywine Corn Meal is quoted at $4.25@4.37½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in fair demand; 20,000 bus common to prime red sold at $2.10@2.50 ₩ bus, and 2000 bus white at $2.65@2.80, as to quality. Rye: 6000 bus sold at $1.70@1.75 for Penna, and $1.60@1.65 for Southern. Corn: 10,000 bus prime old yellow sold at $1.45@1.46; 20,000 bus prime new Western yellow at $1.30; 15,000 bus new Penna, Jersey and Delaware yellow at $1.10@1.15, as to condition; 10,000 bus old Western mixed at $1.20@1.25. Oats: 38,000 bus Delaware and Penna sold at 65@72c ₩ bus. 5000 bus prime New York Barley sold at $1.60; 10,000 bus Western Barley sold at $1.50@1.55 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Pork commands $32 for Mess; $30 for prime do; and $19 for prime. Mess Beef, City packed, sells at $22@23. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 17@18c; Sides are taken in lots at 15@16c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 13½@14c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9½@10c. Lard—Sales in tes and bbls at 12½@13½c, and kegs at 13@14½c. Butter—Sales of old at 40@50c; new at 44@55c; and roll at 55@60c. Cheese—Sales at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 34@35c per doz.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 4@5 cts ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $8,75 to 9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
AND
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.
BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1.	For 9 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth	$50.00
" 2.	For 4 " " 2.50 "	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	5.00
		or a Set of Chess Men, worth	5.00
" 3.	For 6 " " 2.50 "	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth	7.00
		or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth	7.00
		or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth	7.00
		or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	10.00
		or a Silver Plated Castor, worth	10.00
		or a Set of Croquet maple, painted, worth	10.00
No. 4.	For 10 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
		or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
		or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth	12.00
" 5.	For 12 " " 2.50 "	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	14.00
" 6.	For 16 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	20.00
" 7.	For 20 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth	25.00
" 8.	For 24 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	30.00
" 9.	For 30 " " 2.50 "	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth	35.00
" 10.	For 40 " " 2.50 "	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	50.00
		or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., worth	55.00
" 11.	For 50 " " 2.50 "	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth	75.00
" 12.	For 51 " " 2.50 "	Appleton's American Cyclopedia, 16 vols., worth	80.00
" 13.	For 57 " " 2.50 "	a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75 " " 2.50 "	a First Quality Parlor Organ (4 octaves), worth	110.00

SPLENDID OFFER OF BOOKS.

POSTAGE PREPAID BY US.

As some may be desirous of obtaining Books instead of the above Premiums, we make this additional offer:—

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☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.

☞ It is not generally considered a heinous crime to steal umbrellas. An English paper, however, tells of a person who had lost an umbrella, who found it a few days afterwards in a conspicuous place on his premises, with the following inscription pinned upon it: "This umbrallar has prade hon my konshens ever sin I stole him." Poor fellow! He evidently had a very bad spell of "konshens."

☞ A Louisville paper says that court plaster patches, or "beauty spots," are seen on the lips, cheeks or chins of the beautiful Louisville ladies, some even putting them on a little white hand. They are worn to call attention to some prettiness—a dimple, dainty curve, &c., or to make the fairness seem fairer.

☞ Dr. Holmes lays it down, as a singular law of nature, that at a certain period of life, say from fifty to sixty and upward, the *grand* paternal instinct awakens in bachelors, the rhythms of nature reaching them in spite of her defeated intentions; so that when men marry late they love their autumn child with a twofold affection—father's and grandfather's both in one.

☞ Button collecting is the latest mania afflicting young ladies. An enthusiastic collector recently remarked that if she could get together nine hundred and ninety-nine buttons, all of different styles, she thought she would be perfectly happy! Raids on family button bags are now the rage.

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grapes by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear:
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust Thee for the Autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at least in heaven!

The Princess who Could Not be Suited.

There was once a Princess who had a great many lovers. Because she had so many, she grew very vain, and thought herself made of better clay than the rest of the earth. In this frame of mind no one could be found to suit her. She found some fault with every one, no matter how brave, rich and handsome, and declared that she would die unmarried, since no one was worthy to be her husband.

At last, however, came an old woman to the court, with a basketful of wonderful toys. She had shells in which you could hear whether you should get your wish; ivory horses which turned whichever way the wind would blow to-morrow; and boxes of golden pins with diamond heads, which excited the Princess's curiosity, because the old woman said that they were commonly used in the kingdom of King Marlo.

"And who is King Marlo?" asked the Princess.

"He is a young king who is richer and greater than any other monarch," answered the old woman; "but he is unmarried, for he declares that there is no Princess in the world who can please him."

As soon as the Princess heard this she was seized with a violent desire to see if she could please this difficult King.

"It is of no use," declared the old woman; "he will not even see you."

But the Princess was all the more eager to visit him, and insisted that she should start on her journey directly. Her father and mother, who were worn out with her whims, did not offer much opposition; and, taking the old woman to show her the way, she set out with her ladies to visit King Marlo's dominions.

After many days she reached the kingdom, and found it as splendid as the old woman had described, which, of course, made her all the more anxious to see the King. When she reached his palace, she sent a herald to tell King Marlo, "that the most beautiful and beloved Princess in the world had come to see if she could please him."

But King Marlo only sent back answer: "That the most beautiful and beloved Princess in the world had better go home and mind her own business."

All the ladies cried out at this; but the Princess was all the more anxious to see this disdainful King. She ordered her people to build her a bower close by his gates, and there she remained. Every day she sent him some present. One day it was her portrait; another, rare fruit; another, gold and silver work—and each time that her present was delivered her messenger asked, "If King Marlo would yet admit the beautiful and beloved Princess to his palace?"

And each time she was told to go home and mind her own business.

So many days passed away; and news going through all the country how the Princess had built her bower close by the King's gate, the people flocked in crowds to see her. The Princess was not displeased at this, for she supposed that they must all admire her; but she and her ladies could not understand why all the people who came there laughed. They would come and stare at her, and then they would go away shaking and holding their sides with laughter: but when asked a reason, they would say nothing but "We cannot tell;" and this laughing humor even seemed to infect the birds and beasts of the kingdom. If she met a monkey, it would stand up on its legs, cross its hands on its breast, look straight at her for a moment, and then giggling out, he! he! he! roll over and over, kicking with fun, and skurry away. If she went for a walk, the birds kept up continual tittering, and the leaves whispered about her; and one morning the Princess, waking suddenly, actually found two fat frogs staring at her, and chuckling fit to split themselves, all of which was disagreeable, you know, to a person of fine sensibilities.

At last, however, King Marlo relented, and her messenger came back breathless to tell the Princess that the King would see her. The Princess was so overcome by the news that she fainted away sixteen times; and when she recovered sufficiently to go to the palace, she was obliged to be held up on either side by her ladies.

At the door of the palace the Lord High Fiddlestick met her and offered her his arm, to conduct her to the throne. The Princess instantly fainted away ten times, and, recovering, declared that she was too bashful, and should never have courage to go. Then she took the arm of the Lord High Fiddlestick, and held it very tight, and walked very slowly, with her handkerchief up to hide her blushes, till the Lord High Fiddlestick said:

"Here is the King, your Royal Highness."

And, taking away her handkerchief, the Princess saw a great black ape. The fact was that the people of Marlo had been so badly used by their last king that they put an ape in his place, and governed themselves; but they kept it secret, lest other nations, thinking they had no leader, should come to fight against them.

Guess how the Princess screamed. Her ladies were obliged to carry her back; and when she recovered her senses, she made them all promise to keep the matter secret; but one day the Dame of the Powder Closet told it in her sleep, and the Flour Pages heard her, and they told it everywhere, and everybody laughed, and in that way I came to hear of it.

Love Till Death.

Four years of the fourteenth century had passed away. All Austria was plunged into dismay and confusion. Albrecht, emperor and king, and equally tyrant and despot, had been slain by a band of desperate nobles, of whom Rudolph von der Wart was the chief.

Agnes, the widow of the murdered Kaiser, vowed vengeance, and kept her vow. One by one the conspirators were hunted down. Last of all, Rudolph was doomed; and on the fair morning on which our brief story commences, he came forth to die.

Knight and noble were ranged in a glittering circle around the imperial throne raised on the execution ground, and on which was seated the empress. Her haughty face was set in pitiless hate and triumph, as she marked the sombre scaffold opposite, topped by the dreadful wheel on which the criminal was to be bound, and guarded by the red-robed headsman. The solemn toll of the church bells fell heavily on the ear as the guard, with the prisoner in their midst, neared the scaffold.

Greedily the empress watched him as he mounted the stair. His haughty face was rigid with repose, and his blue eyes were glittering as steel. His brow flushed angrily as the headsman roughly tied his hands; but a sneering laugh from the empress seemed to restore his calm. Agnes looked on triumphantly as he was bound to the wheel, and a thrill ran through all the great assembly as the executioner lifted his iron bar, and let it fall with a sickening crash on the limbs of his victim.

He gave one moan of agony, and was silent. The torture that for hours would be his he knew, and steeled himself to bear. Before the eyes of his deadly enemies, Von der Wart resolved he would wait the bitter end in silence.

There was a yielding of the vast crowd round the scaffold, and a murmur of sympathy, unchecked, even, by awe of the empress. A woman passed swiftly up the scaffold, and paused for a moment as she glanced at the criminal stretched on the wheel above.

She was very beautiful. Her golden hair fell in thick ringlets over her rounded neck, and her dark blue eyes and sculptured face were of rare loveliness. She was Gertrude von der Wart, come to soothe her husband's agony to the last.

The empress laughed in bitter derision, and the supple courtiers around, taking their cue, launched shaft and shaft of biting derision and coarse *double entendre* against the woman who dared to cling still to a traitor. Her fair face crimsoned for a moment, but she crushed down her woman's torture at the voices round her, and looked only on her dying love.

"Water!" he muttered. "Water! this thirst burns."

Gertrude glanced around, and saw near a tank which fed a fountain. Swiftly she swept down the steps, and taking off one of her shoes filled it with water. Then, reascending, she climbed slowly up to the side of her husband, and heedless, in her lofty love and sublime calm, of the venomed tongues around, pressed her lips passionately to his face, which worked in agony.

He scarcely seemed to feel her lips on his brow at first, for he only muttered, "O, death, death, and this slow agony! Come—come—welcome, death!"

"Rudolph, my own!" she whispered, and placed her shoe to his quivering mouth, which seemed to cling to the welcome water.

He glanced at her with ineffable fondness, and strove to raise his head. But there was no need, for she pillowed it on her bosom. And the empress laughed a harsh laugh. But even in her sycophants' breasts was some touch of shame, and they were silent in the presence of such noble constancy and truth.

The sun sloped to the west, and its red rays fell on the damp brow of the dying man. His wife kept her marble calmness, and with ceaseless care her little hand wiped the drops from his forehead, and wet his blackening lips with the water.

"I prayed for the *coup de grace*," he whispered, "before thou camest, darling, but I am content to linger now."

"So perish traitors!" said the empress.

Gertrude von der Wart looked round in silence. Her beautiful face showed no quivering or emotion; but, with inexpressible tenderness, she bent over her husband, and cooled with the water drops his burning face, over which the last shadows were creeping.

A mortal wrench of pain shook his every limb for a space, but he set his teeth hard and made no sign. Then he caught Gertrude's wrist, and looked at her with the last long gaze of unutterable love radiant in his dimming eyes.

She drew his head on her bosom and clasped it, as if those twining arms could have guarded him from death. And she heard him say, with such gratitude in his tone as could only be syllabled by lips to be stilled for ever in a moment's time—

"Gertrude! my Gertrude! This is indeed love till death!"

☞ A cynical old bachelor who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do *you* hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

THE OLD COIN.

A massy lump of brass and bronze,
Moulded by ponderous blow on blow,
For Nero or Vespasian's son,
In ages dim and long ago.

A cruel mouth, a swinish chin,
A wolfish eye, almost erased;
But half the date—a victory—
Two words, and those almost defaced.

Where is the Golden Palace now
That on the Palatine arose?
Where are the statue-guarded doors?
Where are the temple-porticoes?

For discs of metal shaped like this,
Swords have been drawn and Lethe crossed;
For this, in greedy hope, men's souls
Have been by passions tempest tossed.

This is Ambition's royal reward;
This is a buried Cæsar's fame:
Upon a lump of rusty bronze,
The two-thirds of a doubtful name.

Jefferson's Wedding.

"Belinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met a young lady of twenty-two, who had produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly.

Add still to those accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was the daughter of John Wales, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Skelton, who dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow of nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the 1st of January, 1777, there was a grand festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near; there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion, and we find from the bridegroom's note book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket.

It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced towards the mountains the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed on their way on horseback.

Stopping to rest at Blenheim, the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly married bride at the chill appearance of the landscape as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered, and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and bride. Far from being annoyed or discontented by the reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gayly as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. This little moral sentiment will not, I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity of history." It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavilion in the midst of three feet of snow, neither dark nor cold, in that January night long ago.—*N. Y. Century.*

THE IDEAL.

A tall, majestic lady,
With locks of deepest dye,
A silken dress, whose gorgeousness
Delights no other eye;
A pretty little cottage,
With ivy covered o'er,
And she, my pride, my fancy's bride,
Expectant at the door.

Soft music in the gloaming
Ebbs gurgling from her throat;
While I lie still, and drink my fill
Of each love-burdened note.
Days spent in sweet communion
'Neath shade of leafy trees;
We woo and sing, and ev'rything
Is poetry and ease.

A tiny fairy being
Lies nestling on my breast,
As, tired of play, she seems to say,
"This is my rightful rest;"
And in those baby features,
So beautiful and mild,
Methinks I trace another face,
The mother of my child.

The Real.

A slight but comely lady,
With rippling chestnut hair,
A cotton dress, in which, no less,
She looks extremely fair;
A busy bustling beauty,
On household duties bent,
Who speaks, the while, with happy smile,
Of kindness and content.

A little house in London;
No ivy and no flowers,
But what care we for botany?
That little house is ours.
And often in the evening,
When we hear some well-known cry,
Or tramp of feet along the street,
We smile, my wife and I.

No little fairy daughter
Nestling confidingly;
Four healthy boys, whose ceaseless noise
Brings childhood back to me.
Yet those prosaic blessings,
Of which I have my share,
In peace and love, soar far above
My castle in the air.

LINDENHURST.

BY HAROLD KING.

CHAPTER I.

BAITED.

I have always and steadily set my face against what the French are pleased to call an *mariage de convenance*, which simply means marriage for money. At the same time, as I honestly admit that a man may love the girl he is about to marry and not overlook that essential consideration, the expenditure of the future, and the revenues to meet that expenditure. I loved guilelessly though I believed the girl *had* money, and I broke the match off because I found the girl had none.

"*Quel sauvage!*" a French lady might be tempted to exclaim. "Wait a little, *madame*," I reply; "there may be two sides to the question, and when my tale is told I think the gentle reader, who is always candid, will agree with me."

As I look back upon my escape, it is with the horror with which one remembers for a moment the precipice he was all but falling over, and shudder.

That there was some mystery in Aurelia's family which prevented her, the belle of two consecutive seasons, from making a much higher match than mine, flashed more than once across my mind, to account for the strange phenomenon that neither she nor her sister had made more conquests than they really achieved. They were known to have large estates, or, at least, the elder had; and Mrs. Blondell never tired with ungraceful persistence, I thought, of dinning into the ears of strangers the fact, that her elder daughter "was an heiress."

I was one of the poor moths whose wings got singed in the flame, but, providentially, I was not utterly consumed by the beauty and fascination of my *fiancee*.

I had just obtained my troop when I first met Aurelia at Lady Bischop's. It was her second season out, by which I mean, the second season of her conquests; for she had been presented five or six years before. It was late in May, and she appeared jaded with the innocent dissipation of the ball-room and the opera. Still, I thought I had never seen a girl more lovely, and even the weary expression she at times wore, appeared to bring out her beauty into high relief. Her large, soft, liquid eyes, as they fixed themselves upon you, seemed to ask for sympathy with such a touching and languishing appeal, that an irresistible sense of tenderness overcame you, and you felt, if not in love with her at once, at least, that she was a being whom any man *might* love. She was leaning on the arm of Colonel Taylor, as she swept up to me, robed in a cloud of light green gauze, and irradiating her beautiful face with the sweetest expression a woman can wear—a resolution to please.

"I have been wishing for this introduction, Captain Hope, which Colonel Taylor has been so extremely kind to promise me," she graciously began; "to congratulate you on your promotion. I hear already you are likely to outvie *le Beau Sabreur* in prowess. You have come in late, and I dare say you will find a difficulty in obtaining a partner, the lists being pretty well filled; but I have kept a place for you in mine, as the colonel gave me the hope of an introduction this evening." And she rattled on in her light, agreeable way, charming from its ease and exquisite grace.

I bowed, stammered out a few commonplace civilities, and the divinity that had charmed my eyes was again sailing away down the ball-room amid a galaxy of brilliant toilettes, handsome figures, and beaming faces. Stunned, bewildered, I could scarcely master my feelings, though I had long learnt that self-possession, which is the first element of success in society, as it is also the ground-work of a true gentleman. However, so dazzled was I with the graciousness of her manner, her striking figure, her smiles, her words, which had a golden ring in them, that for some moments I was beside myself. Her apparently artless flattery, her sweet frankness, her charming condescension, made my blood tingle in my veins, and a blush, I suspect, suffuse my face.

When the waltz which Aurelia Blondell had spotted for me arrived, I went up to her to claim my partner. With a pleasant laugh, and a feminine jest, she disengaged herself from the arm of the gentleman, (some foreign count or baron, I believe, who would have detained her all night, could he have done so,) and taking mine, she led me off chatting fluently and disembarrassingly, as we paraded the room. She took me at once to her mother and sister, naively remarking,—

"I cannot dance with a new partner without mamma's sanction. She will, however, be so delighted to be introduced to you, Captain Hope. There she is, sitting between Florence and Lady Hooper. Florence is my younger sister; and she is such an excellent creature. I am sure you will like her and mamma at once."

Mrs. Blondell, to whom I was duly presented, was a lady of stately proportions, and impressed you in every word and gesture with a quiet sense of awe. Her manners were those of a lady, and she intended you to be at your ease when she had beamed upon you with one of her superb smiles, and had spoken words of peace and goodwill. But there was a massiveness about her person, and a frigid *hauteur* in her carriage which repelled all idea of familiarity. You might have known her twenty years, or might know her twenty years still, and I doubt, if you would approach one step nearer an intimate acquaintance with her. She, however, fluttered grandly in society with a splendid daughter under either wing, and watched with maternal pride and hope the flattering attentions they received. Yet methinks it must have smitten hard that motherly heart sometimes to see from what diverse sources those attentions came, and how frequently the censers were changed from which the incense emanated. This, however, was an after-reflection on my part. On this especial evening she was gracious in the extreme, it seemed to me affectedly so; and I could not but admire such artlessness in a woman, who, I had heard it murmured, was *par excellence* a woman of the world.

She rose as she saw me approaching, conducted by her fascinating daughter.

"Captain Hope, it affords me great pleasure to make your acquaintance. I have heard much of your excellent qualities, and Aurelia is never tired of talking of one whose professional career has commenced so auspiciously. Allow me to congratulate you on your promotion."

My ears tingled, and felt in flames when I heard my name coupled with that of Aurelia, and that, too, from the lips of the only woman who, after Aurelia, could ensure my happiness. The mother's goodwill gained, the prize appeared easily attainable; the fruit would soon be ripe for plucking! This fair chance had driven me wild; I fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Blondell.

The next day, there was a grand review of the Household Troops in Hyde Park, in honor of the arrival of some German sovereign. Whilst I was getting ready for duty, the orderly brought me a soft, pink note, exquisitely scented, and directed in the neatest of all possible hands.

"18, *Belvoir Place.*

"Dear Captain Hope—Mamma has requested me to be the communicant of her hopes that you will honor her with your company to luncheon after the fatigues of the review. Lord B——— has kindly offered us two seats in his carriage, which will be stationed near the statue.

"Yours sincerely,

"AURELIA BLONDELL."

A night's reflection had sobered my passion down so far, that I began to weigh the chances of success with greater coolness, and, it seemed to me, with greater moderation and judgment. I felt that the previous evening I had been fevered with excitement, and, ever of a sanguine temperament that I had built up hopes on too slight a foundation.

"What was the graciousness of mother and daughters," I argued, "but the habit of duty, acquired by every refined lady conversant with the rules of society! What right had I to assume from the manner of either more than any other gentleman who had been amiably received by them? What a vast gulf there was between an act of courtesy, and an act that would make Aurelia mine for ever! I had been premature, and foolish, I concluded; and must forego the hope of that beautiful flower. I, who beyond my professional career, had but scanty prospects, being a second son, and whose income at the most would scarcely exceed a thousand a year." I felt abashed at my presumption.

When, however, the note came, the tiny pink note, written by Aurelia's own tiny fingers, and renewing so graciously the acquaintance of the previous evening, my hopes revived, and my heart fluttered like a bird in its wiry prison. And then, too, how kind of her to indicate the spot where they would be stationed. Near the statue. I should see them—see her, as we marched upon the ground! I was bewildered with a strange sensation of surprise, hope, happiness, and doubt. I grew impatient for the hour of parade, impatient for the review to be over, impatient for the luncheon hour to arrive.

At length we mustered, marched on to the ground, and, as we passed the statue, there she was, lovely and fresh in the morning air, in a white bonnet with a wreath of pink roses, which matched well with the lily and red of her lovely complexion. There could be no visible recognition as I was on duty; but our eyes met, and I felt the blood rush to my face which became scarlet, for there was an expression of pleasure in those soft, blue eyes on seeing me, that went to the heart and bound me a closer captive than ever.

It was a hot, glowing, wearying morning, and I thought the review would never be over. However, by half-past one o'clock, we began marching off the ground, and by two had reached the barracks. There I made a hasty and refreshing toilette, and hastened to Belvoir Place, I found Mrs. Blondell and family lunching alone. This I had hardly anticipated; but it was, in my present state of mind, an agreeable surprise. Mrs. Blondell, too, seemed to think that the circumstance required some explanation, for she observed:

"You find us *en famille*, Captain Hope. Aurelia was so fatigued with her exertions last night, that she begged me not to extend our invitations to Colonel Boppart and Lord Melsove, as I proposed to do. I hope on a future occasion to have the pleasure of introducing my old acquaintances to you."

I bowed.

"No apology, Mrs. Blondell, I assure you, is needed for a compliment which I cannot but feel a flattering one. To meet you thus at home, and alone, is indeed an honor I shall ever remember with pride and gratification."

I might have felt embarrassed by my position, my hopeful, doubtful, anxious, aspiring position, but that it was impossible to feel embarrassed where everyone strove to set you at your ease. Mrs. Blondell was stately, but amiable; Aurelia, fascinating with her wit and beauty, absorbed me so thoroughly that I had little time or courage to study Florence, who sat opposite me at table, and joined now and then in the common gossip. What I did observe, however, confirmed the assurance of Aurelia, that I "should like her sister." Florence was shorter, of dark complexion, with dark eyes and dark hair (not exactly black,) which was artistically arranged in clusters at the back of her head. She was plump, whereas Aurelia was tall, and inclined to be slim. Both sisters, however, rivalled each other in their powers of conversation; but whereas Aurelia possessed more imagination, and a larger share of poetic feeling, Florence was of a practical and matter-of fact turn of mind. This I discovered afterwards, when trying circumstances arose which affected Aurelia into hysterics, but only discomposed Florence into a bitter, but quiet wrath.

"Mamma," inquired Florence, "have you forgotten to write about the carriage for Ascot?"

"No, my dear; but I have not made up my mind to accept Lord Frederick's invitation. If I do, you will be without a seat."

"We never could leave dear Florence behind, mamma," interposed the charming Aurelia, "to mope and be miserable by herself."

"Moping, dear Aurelia, is not my humor, as you know; still, I should not prefer to lose that most brilliant of all spectacles—Ascot on the Cup Day."

"You will be there, Captain Hope!" interrogated Mrs. Blondell.

"I never miss the opportunity. It is a magnificent and exhilarating sight, to be matched, I believe, nowhere else in the world."

"You gentlemen have so much more ease and freedom than we ladies," observed Aurelia, laughing; "you mount your horses, and ride down in little squadrons to enjoy a gallop over the lovely heath. We must be cooped up in carriages to witness the sport, and are so dependent upon some kind chevalier to escort us."

"The fact is," observed Mrs. Blondell, taking up the thread of the discourse, "I am very perplexed, what with the kind offers of Lord Frederick and taking Florence. Had we a *chaperon*, Aurelia,"—and Mrs. Blondell turned to her favored, if not favorite, daughter, and said, as if scarcely conscious of my presence, "I should decline the invitation and take our own carriage;" then she turned again to me. "The fact is, we are like Punch's unprotected females. The girls sorely need a brother."

I blushed; my blood stirred and quickened with surprise, hope, and a slight sense of confusion. Now was an opportunity for me to offer my services, and, at least, show my devotion to the family. Was it possible that a golden opportunity had fallen in my way of spending so glorious and enviable a day in Aurelia's presence? and should I shrink from seizing it? Boldly I clutched the precious fruit.

"Let not the want of a *chaperon*, Mrs. Blondell," I hastily replied, "interfere with your cherished plans. If you can find no one more worthy than myself, I shall feel but too proud and happy to offer my poor services."

"Oh, thank you," replied Mrs. Blondell, with one of her blandest smiles; "we could not think of imposing so great a sacrifice upon you."

"Indeed, no," interposed the charming Aurelia; "we could not think of asking you to forego your horse or drag, and the society of your comrades. It must be a delightful way of spending the day at Ascot, driving down in a drag with boon companions, and feeling yourself unfettered when you arrive on the field."

"And do you think it is more charming," I replied, half seriously, "than driving down in an open carriage with lovely creatures around you? I am not a misogynist, I can assure you, Miss Blondell; and in default of a worthier *chaperon*, it will afford me great pleasure to accompany your mamma."

"You are exceedingly kind, Capt. Hope," replied Mrs. Blondell; "and after your generous offer we should not think of seeking further. Shall we leave the arrangements to you?"

Quel bonheur! what promotion! In less than four-and-twenty hours a casual acquaintance had ripened into friendship; how long would it take to ripen it into a positive engagement? Not many; for I was one of those who, having put their hands to the plough, do not look back.

The Cup Day arrived, a charming, brilliant day. June had put on her gala costume; the sky was of an intense blue, the sun warm; a fresh breeze kept the air cool and refreshing, whilst a slight rain over night had laid the dust, and polished up the green of the leafy woods. And the company! Talk of a parterre of flowers! what is it to compare with the rich galaxy of colors, clustered on either side of the grand stand, that meets the eyes? what gorgeous hues, what diversity of tints! What a splendid picture of light and shade as the more sober dress of the gentlemen intermingle with the bright and diverse costumes of the ladies!

Think not, reader, that I am about to give you an account of the races run that day. Every one knows the excitement of the start; the clamorous enthusiasm of the moment when the horses rush by, carrying their manikins, clad in green and gold, yellow and purple, red and black, blue and white; everybody knows the ecstasy of delight that bursts from the noisy multitude when the Dark Horse wins, ruining thousands; every one knows the sweet rapture of the luncheon, when, *the* race over, the mysteries of the hampers are disclosed, and pies and pasties, chicken and ham, and all the cool ingredients of claret-cups, emerge from its cavernous depths;—every one knows all this; but none know the profound sense of enjoyment I felt in discharging the duties of "guide, philosopher, and friend," to Mrs. Blondell and her two daughters that day. The races were nothing to me; scarcely the breathing, heaving mass, the *elite* of humanity, collected on that imperial course. It was enough for me that Aurelia was by my side, and that I had her to converse with.

During our drive home, the conversation turned principally on the close of the season.

"We shall confine our acceptances to but a very few invitations now," observed Aurelia. "Mamma is pining for the country, and so am I. In a fortnight we shall leave town for the sea-side, and then retire to our solitude of Lindenhurst. Do you know Lindenhurst, Captain Hope?"

"I have not that pleasure; but I believe it is in Hampshire."

"Yes, a charming spot," observed Florence, "and a very old place. We are quite primitive there."

"Perhaps Captain Hope will do us the honor of paying us a visit during the autumn," added Mrs. Blondell, speaking to Florence, but directing her observation to me.

"I shall have great pleasure," I replied.

"We can promise you some excellent trout fishing, if you are an angler, Captain Hope; and the walks and drives are charming. We call the hills covered with beeches hangers in our neighborhood."

I shall angle, I thought to myself, for other fish than trout, if it should be my good fortune to find myself at Lindenhurst.

It need not be said that, after our Ascot excursion, I was frequently in Belvoir Place; and that before the Blondells quitted town for the sea-side, an invitation to Lindenhurst was repeated and accepted. It was arranged that I should go early in September.

The night before the family left town, I was in the conservatory in front of the drawing-room, talking with Aurelia. She broke off abruptly the subject we were conversing upon:

"Mamma forgot, Captain Hope, to explain to you when you were so good as to accept her invitation, that she never receives gentlemen visitors into her house. Do not ask why: she has very strong reasons—I might almost call them prejudices—upon the point. But there is an excellent hotel, the Lindenhurst Arms, a mile or so away from the house; and, with the exception of sleeping under her roof, she will be delighted to receive you, and give you a hospitable welcome. She will do everything in her power to amuse you."

And you, sweet charmer, will you be passive? I admired the modesty with which the burthen of hospitality and entertainment was thrown upon mamma's shoulders; as though Aurelia Blondell was a mere cipher in the great account, and had no share in drawing me to Lindenhurst.

Surprise, it must be confessed, I felt for the moment at being dislodged, as it were, from a cosy chamber in Lindenhurst Hall; but at once perceived the propriety and acquiesced in the regulation. Was it not a further proof that the relation in which I was beginning to stand towards Aurelia was something closer than that of a friend or brother?

I resolved that the problem should be solved within two days after my arrival at Lindenhurst.

CHAPTER II.

CAUGHT.

"Come, Tom, rouse thee, my boy, or we shall miss the train—that prosy substitute for the romantic four-in-hand coach that used to take us up hill and down dale, giving one time to see the country and the people in it. Bah! I hate your railroads, that whizz you along like a shot from an air-gun, plunge you underground, or precipitate you down embankments; what do they teach you of town and country? I'd give something to be going this bright fresh morning outside a coach, instead of inside a train."

"Well, Percival Hope, you complain of trains, do you, with those long legs of yours? Were I a fellow measuring six feet without aid of the soles of my boots, I'd talk of walking the fifty miles between this and Lindenhurst. But there, you shan't miss the train on my account; tell Johnson to have breakfast ready, and I'll be down in a jiffy. Everything is packed up, tackle and all, and if we don't reach the Waterloo Station in less than three-quarters of an hour, let me marry Aurelia Blondell instead of you."

"You marry her, my boy! Why it will take all my art and address to win her, and—"

"Well, I'll allow you to have the advantage of me—tall, muscular, good-looking, brown hair, small hands, cultivated moustaches, dark eyes, a graceful lisp, and the son of an old family—what chance would poor Tom Branscombe have by the side of you? You have the best of me, and heaven give you luck of your suit or pursuit, whichever it is at present. Give me ten minutes, and I am at your service."

Tom Branscombe was one of the best fellows in the regiment, and devotedly attached to me. He was a crack shot, good cricketer, and loved his rod as a lover his mistress. Old Walton could not have been more enthusiastic in favor of angling than was Tom, who would prove to you, (or at least attempt to prove to you) that fishing was the parent of all the virtues, from patience, upwards or downwards, as the scale may run. So when I proposed to him, on the strength of Aurelia's report, to come with me and have a fortnight's fishing in the streams around Lindenhurst, he jumped at the idea, and seized rod and line with the zest of boyhood. I need not, perhaps, disguise the truth, that when I found I was not to sleep under Mrs. Blondell's roof, I thought the intervening hours might be somewhat dull without a companion. I knew Branscombe would be delighted to accompany me, and, moreover, that he was the only man I could ask, since, under the circumstances, it would be necessary for me somewhat to unbosom myself, and if I did, he was just the man to sympathize with me in the delicate mission I was about to undertake. It was agreed between us that he should fish all day, but that we should breakfast and sup together, or, if the weather should not permit of fishing, that he should amuse himself as well as he could indoors with the people of the inn, or the guests that frequented it. To these terms Tom readily assented, and by half-past three in the afternoon of the day on which I went to rouse him out of bed, we were in sight of the Lindenhurst Arms, a quiet village hostelry, built of red brick, blue slated, rectangular, and evidently very modern. Here we found no difficulty in procuring two bedrooms, but not the same facility in obtaining dinner, for it was late in the day for mine host, and the butcher only killed once a week, and five days had elapsed since the last slaughtering.

Leaving Tom Branscombe, however, to look after the commissariat department, I rushed up-stairs to have a wash and arrange my cravat, previous to reconnoitering the "great house" a mile and a half away. It was five o'clock by the time we had demolished a steak and I was prepared to start; but with a merry heart and a light tread, I stopped out, and in less than twenty minutes was before the lodge gates. At first the house was not perceptible, lying low, and imbedded in thick trees. In fact, the whole neighborhood was densely wooded. A winding avenue of old but stunted oaks, whose overhanging branches made the road damp and mossy, led to the building, which, to my surprise, I found surrounded by a moat, which so far retained its old pretensions that it still had water in it, though dark and fœtid. The appearance of the place, however, was by no means prepossessing, reminding you rather of a fortalice concealed in the sunless depths of a forest, which strikes a chill into your veins. The effect upon me, however, was only temporary. Was there not within those ivy-mantled walls, those heavy-browed windows, a light that would make glad my heart, and convert the external gloom of the spot into sunshine and joy?

Shall I close the description of the house at once, instead of introducing it chronologically, as I made further acquaintance with it? The rooms were not so dark as I should have imagined; the dining and drawing-rooms which faced the south and west, were spacious and airy, and opened upon a wide space, half-lawn, half-meadow, intersected with gravel walks, and studded with flower-beds. The furniture was solid, but old, and I might almost question if it had been subtracted from or added to for the last hundred and fifty years.

It was a bright evening, that 7th of September, and I found Mrs. Blondell and her two daughters promenading the terrace in front of the drawing-room. They received me affably, and expressed a hope that I should not find it dull during my stay. Aurelia, however, seemed rather to hang back, and left the conversation to devolve upon her mother and Florence. Was it the coyness of true love? They had dined early, they told me, in order that we might have tea when I arrived, and take a slight stroll afterwards, as the days were rapidly shortening.

In her garden hat which she had donned for the evening's walk, Aurelia looked more charming than ever, and it only required the skirt of her dress to be looped up to give one the belief that she was a figure new started into life out of one of Watteau's pictures. Again she hung back and gave precedence to her younger sister, Florence—Mrs. Blondell did not accompany us—but this I would not allow. A faint heart never won fair lady, and I made so strong a demonstration of my feelings, kept so persistently by Aurelia's side, and strove so exclusively to entertain her and her alone, that I almost ignored Florence, and felt I must have appeared rude to her, had she not been able to perceive the motive of my attentions to her sister. This, I was gratified by seeing, was not displeasing to the object to whom they were addressed. As the evening advanced, Aurelia grew less reserved, and at last conversed freely and unembarrassedly, expatiating upon the beauty of the scenery around, and claiming my admiration for some pretty vista to which she directed my gaze. We strolled long, till after it was dark, in fact; but the moon, the harvest moon, was nearly at the full, the air was warm and balmy, and all the senses of nature commingled with our own to make the pleasure of the hour soft, pure, and refining. It was an hour, indeed, when time seemed to have no existence, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, save for a slight pulsation of delight, the sands of life glided away.

The experience of that evening convinced me that I had only to propose, to gain Aurelia's hand. Her heart, I felt, was mine. What was the reserve in the early part of the evening but, as I have already observed, the coyness of true love—the modesty of a genuine affection? Florence, who in London had been comparatively mute, came forward conspicuously, and took, as it were, Aurelia's place, until I rudely thrust her from it, and forced myself upon her sister. And how amiably she fell back when she found herself in the third person. Often have I thought what a sacrifice it must be for unattached daughters to see an elder or younger sister engross the attentions of a friend and lover, yet how patiently, how meekly, nay, how cheerfully they consent to be put aside, to be ignored, to be made nothing of! More than this, even, they seem to derive new happiness from the happiness of their betrothed sister, and to rejoice with unalloyed pleasure in the prospect of her settlement for life. Would men exhibit the same gratification and freedom from envy under similar circumstances?

"Can't you see the philosophy of it all?" cries the cynic. "Another girl married is one chance more for them."

Bah!

When I returned to the inn, Branscombe had supper ready for me—a fine trout, his own spoil.

"I trust you have had equal sport," observed Tom, with a sly twinkle of the eye, when the cover was removed. "There's good angling about here."

"Never fear, my boy, but I shall have as good a catch as you."

I was in excellent spirits that evening,

and Tom's fun and sly allusions to the object of my visit entertained me amazingly, so full of hope and confidence I felt.

I was to be at the Manor House by one o'clock the next day, in order that we might have a walk before dinner, the dinner being fixed for three o'clock.

"It is a vulgar hour, you know, Captain Hope," remarked Aurelia, as she fixed the time of my coming; "but you recollect I told you we were very primitive down here, and it is so delightful to escape from the trammels of those seven o'clock dinners. It is really like leading a new, and," she added, with a sweet sigh, "a better life."

I was punctual to the minute, and found Aurelia and Florence ready equipped for the walk.

"Could we not have ten minutes' stroll alone?" I whispered in Aurelia's ear. This was a bold stroke, but it was intended as a decided "fecler"—a straw thrown up to see which way the wind blew, a test to determine the current of her feelings.

Aurelia blushed slightly; then, after a pause, she replied—

"Florence will take Tiny, and they will play together."

Now Tiny was an Italian greyhound.

With this compromise I was satisfied, especially as the alleys in the wood were winding, and charmingly secluded.

"I fear you do not like the brilliant dissipation of London society, Miss Blondell," I observed, after we had proceeded some distance into the coppice, and Florence was amusing herself with Tiny, picking flowers, and lagging far behind.

"What makes you think so, Captain Hope?"

"The sigh you breathed last night when speaking of life at Lindenhurst compared with life in London."

"You have a sharp observation, and a good memory. But I do love the country; I revel in it; I feel like a bird escaped from its cage when, the season over, I can rush down here. Yet," she continued, bending her eyes upon the ground, and grating the gravel with the point of her parasol, "what would my life be without that brilliant dissipation for a part of the year? I should be lost, lost, lost." She uttered these last words in a tone of despair, as one led voluntarily captive by a spell that she could not, yet might, find strength enough to break.

"And would you give up that life if you could?"

She turned round, looked me steadily in the face, and said—

"What think you?"

"That we all in our position require the excitement of the season." Then I added, after a moment's reflection,—"but in moderation."

"True; but how are you to indulge moderately? It is a whirlpool that sucks you into its vortex, and which you are impotent to resist."

"You have not the courage, you mean, Miss Blondell, and, perhaps, you are right. Single handed you have not the power. The charm, the allurements for a belle of the season—"Aurelia colored at the illusion—"are too great, too overwhelming; and intoxicated with the honor paid to her beauty she feels the delirium till at length it is master of her will, if not of her inclinations. When she would break the golden fetters that bind her, she discovers that she has not the strength."

We walked on a little farther, neither speaking a word. At length I observed—

"The sense of weakness you complain of is but natural; you have neither father nor brother, and woman when she emerges into womanhood feels the want of a protector."

Miss Blondell made no answer. We had now arrived at an open cutting in the wood, in the centre of which stood a magnificent trunk, the stem of which rose fifty feet before it threw out a branch. At the base, seats had been constructed around the trunk.

I conducted Aurelia to one of the benches, and we sat down. Gently taking her hand, for I felt that now we sufficiently understood one another, I was about to make a formal declaration and proposal, when she interrupted me.

"Captain Hope," she said, slowly and tenderly, nay, with deep emotion in her voice, "I have not failed to notice your passion for me and have reciprocated it. But you must be aware that girls situated as I am, conscious of a certain amount of beauty and surrounded with every luxury, are keenly suspicious of the protestations of affection made to us, and we ask ourselves, whether those protestations arise from the adventitious circumstances of our personal attractions and wealth, or whether they spring from a genuine heartfelt simple love. Captain Hope, were I to give you my hand, could you love me though I lost my beauty, and were stripped of all I possess?"

I was first startled then perplexed at the frankness of this practical question. Had I remained to reflect upon all the subtle and puzzling principles it involved I might have been led to make some casuistical reply. But I felt at once the naturalness of the problem she proposed to me, and in all sincerity and from the bottom of my heart vowed "that neither change of fortune nor of personal appearance should ever mitigate the ardor of my affection. I would take her for better for worse, and cherish her through evil and good report; the same feeling should prompt all my conduct towards her—we should be indeed as one."

What, I said to myself, could be more reasonable than that a beautiful and accomplished girl, an heiress too, and the centre of a host of admirers, should feel some alarm lest among that host a heartless scoundrel should seek her hand less for herself than for what she could bring him. How just, then, was Aurelia's question, "Captain Hope, were I to give you my hand, could you love me though I lost my beauty, and were stripped of all I possess?"

Aurelia still remained silent.

"Is there no instinct in love which teaches us to distinguish the true from the false?" I suggested, seeking a sign.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"Surely there must be," I urged.

Aurelia again only shook her head, with a skeptical gesture as answer to my observation.

"Can we never detect the truth?" again I repeated.

"No, all is veiled. We can assay gold, we can prove a diamond, but love—love has no test."

I began to suspect Aurelia of a deeply morbid tendency. How different from the gay, sprightly, buoyant Aurelia of the West-end drawing-rooms, the *belle* of the season, the cynosure of the *elite!*

It was my turn to be silent. There was a pause for several minutes.

Suddenly Aurelia looked up into my face with a sweet melancholy smile on her own, and tears filling her large soft blue eyes.

"I would I could throw off this doubt, this eternal suspicion that weighs me down and has turned so much rich fruit into ashes."

"Then you have had many offers before mine, Aurelia," I asked, tenderly.

"Many."

"And you loved none of them."

"They did not love me," she replied, with a sigh; "and how could I fix my affections on them?"

"How do you know that?"

"They could not stand the test."

"Test? What test? Oh, by heaven! by all that's pure and holy, if you want any proof of my love, of my devotion, tell me what it is, and I will perform it."

A faint smile, expressive of pleasure at my words, passed over her beautiful features, and she said,—

"Wait."

Then suddenly starting up, as though actuated by an irrepressible impulse, and seizing my hand firmly, she added,—

"Captain Hope, I *trust* you."

At this moment the greyhound came bounding and leaping forward out of the avenue, presently followed by its mistress.

"By the time we return home," suggested Florence, emerging from the underwood, "the dinner will be ready. See what a collection of wild flowers I have made. They are exceedingly beautiful, Captain Hope."

"I admire your natural flowers more, perhaps, than your artificial ones, Miss Florence," I replied. "Simple nature to my taste is far more agreeable than the glitter and tinsel of your fashionable life."

"Ah, you have been taking lessons from Aurelia, I see," she replied, with a saucy laugh. "But come, Tiny, we must see which will be home first." And she left Aurelia and myself to follow at our own pace.

After what had passed I felt somewhat subdued. Aurelia noticed it.

"You must be more lively, captain, when we get in-doors, or you will let out the secret of our conversation. Mamma's eyes are remarkably quick."

"It is no secret, Aurelia, I hope. This afternoon, with your permission, I shall speak to Mrs. Blondell on the subject."

She answered not, but hung bewitchingly on my arm.

This delicate little matter was soon satisfactorily arranged. I suppose most of us feel a little nervous or fidgety when referred from our heart's idol to her parents or guardians. I felt somewhat awkward when demanding a private audience with Mrs. Blondell, and still more so when I found myself closeted with her. But as the old proverb says, "all's well that ends well," I ought not, perhaps, to allude to so trifling an embarrassment.

Aurelia Blondell was now mine. Every day, every evening, we passed together in each other's company, straining and strengthening those mutual bonds which united us. My *fiancee* strove to make herself more fascinating than ever; she cast her spells over me and blinded me with her love. Never had I experienced such blissful moments or felt myself so intoxicated with delight. What a treasure I had won, so full of grace and tenderness, so pure a model of simplicity and confidence. Where else could I find so perfect a realization of all that was beautiful and true in nature, moulded and refined by a high feminine education.

It was about a week after our engagement, that one night feeling restless at the inn I ventured out after supper for a stroll. The moon was at the full, and her creamy light flooded the sky and earth; all was still and silent. I wandered on across some fields by a by-path, and suddenly found myself near the Manor House. There were its dark, old walls, just visible through the belt of trees. I advanced nearer and nearer, the thoughts of Aurelia impelling me. She was indeed my lodestar. There, perhaps, was her window. In that chamber, perhaps, she was sleeping the sleep of the just and happy; her brain filled with joyous images. What a rapture to be near her! To serenade her with my presence, and my thoughts, if not with my voice and song!

The house was mostly wrapt in shade; but there projected towards me a straggling wing, evidently, the least frequented part of the mansion. With the light shadows of the branches moving upon it in the moonlight, it had a weird look, and I gazed at it long, marvelling how many ages it had stood on that lonely spot of earth. There were few windows on the side facing me, but I noticed one three storeys high that was barred, and I mused within myself why a room so high from the ground should require to be thus fenced.

As I mused, suddenly the apparition of a pale face shone out from behind the bars with spectral lustre. It gazed for a time on vacancy, then disappeared, uttering a piteous shriek.

I have no superstition about ghosts, and am incredulous as to haunted houses; therefore, I at once came to the conclusion that the face I had seen was that of a human being, and the voice I had heard the cry of human anguish.

But whose face and whose voice?

It was a strange circumstance, I reflected, that if there were a lunatic confined in that house, Aurelia had never breathed a word about it to me; was that the true cause why I had not been invited to sleep within its walls?

There was something unpleasant, something perplexing, in the discovery, and I returned home little at ease in my mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mr. L. N. Fowler, in the Phrenological Journal, gives these two definitions:—"My definition of temperance is, to eat, drink, and do that which nature requires for life, health, and real happiness. My definition of intemperance is, to eat, drink, and do that which mars happiness, injures health, and shortens life."

☞ The flattest tricks will take in a crowd, which would not pass with an individual.

PLANCHETTE.

We find the following letter relative to "Planchette," in the London periodical from which we took the curious article published by us some weeks ago:—

SIR—I have read with much interest an article on the Planchette. In the main your correspondent is right, and especially in the method of using that most curious instrument, which requires but to be known to be duly appreciated, not as a mere toy, but as a means of obtaining truthful answers to verbal or mental questions. These answers, I find, your correspondent failed to get, first, because the Planchette that he used was wrongly made; and next, because the requisite conditions were not observed to ensure success. He is scarcely right in describing it as an American invention: it is French, as implied by its name (a little board.) I am able to speak thus confidently, as I have made and sold 466 Planchettes in England, and have sent others abroad. I may say that they are not unknown to royalty, and they are certainly no strangers in the French, Russian, and Spanish Courts. It might be supposed that as I make the instrument I can use it also. Such, however, is not the case, though many of my customers have told me most extraordinary stories respecting it. One of the most curious facts in connection with it occurred shortly after its introduction to England, about six years ago, and was told to me as follows:

Mr. Bielfield, artist, of 208, Euston Road, had heard of the instrument, and made one, and while using it, in company with Mrs. B., a friend entered—a Mr. Gilbert, now in Canada. The three tried it without any result, and "Planchy," as they termed it, was put aside on a large sheet of paper till after dinner. You may judge their surprise when, on proceeding to resume their amusement, they found the following sentence written on the previously blank paper:—"Go to my son and tell him that I will be with him this day month, to cause him to make such alterations as I wish in the book he is now writing." Then followed the signature, "Rt. Owen."

I took the message to Mr. R. Dale Owen, then residing at Cox's Hotel, Jermyn street. On reading it, he said that no one knew that he was writing a book, and declared the handwriting to be his father's (then some months deceased.) I answered, "Well, sir, it was only written yesterday." He replied, "I should like to see Mr. Bielfield." Mr. B. and myself together went to Mr. Owen on the following day, when this statement was repeated to him. He subsequently recommended the Planchette to his numerous friends, and took some of them (I believe six) on his return to America, and hence their introduction into that country.

Prior to this occurrence a meeting had been held in order to ascertain the right method of making the Planchette, and the conditions to be observed in its manufacture and use. All this instruction was given by the aid of the Planchette, through the hand of Mr. Gilbert. These instructions I have faithfully kept, and in no one instance have I broken them. They are very simple. I will only say that the wood used must be hearty good stuff, and well dried. Laburnum, oak, ash, and many other woods will not serve, and are not rightly to be used. Other conditions and instructions I reserve. As to the reason why these instruments write or draw, as they sometimes do exquisitely, I have long ceased to trouble myself: enough for me they are true; and I freely admit that after many years' observation of the facts, I do not know whether the phenomena are spiritual, mesmeric, Odic, or vito-magnetic, and I therefore leave each person who studies the subject to his own opinion. I may, however, respectfully beg leave to say, that should any of your readers require information on this and kindred subjects, my experience of nearly twenty years is at their service. My experience has been gained by contact with numerous scientific gentlemen in carrying out their experiments, and also from the fact that in the person of my wife I have a very highly-developed, sensitive person, such as is described by Reichenbach in his work on the Odic force, who has enabled me still further to investigate several subjects which he had overlooked. Perhaps the next wonder of the day may be an instrument from my hand to find lodes of metal, coal, and springs of water, without the trouble and uncertainty of sinking artesian wells. It would be subject, of course, to the same law as the Planchette—that is, only those so constituted could use it. This power is found to be inherent: it cannot be acquired, but may be educated and improved. Sometimes all of a family possess it, and it prevails most extensively among the Indics, simply because they are more subject to influences than men.

In conclusion, I beg to say that the whole subject is by no means a modern one. At all events, the Planchette was preceded by a prior invention analogous to it, but not identical with it; for, in 1852, a German, residing in Orchard street, Portman Square, advertised an article for a similar purpose. It was cumbrous, complicated, and expensive; and so it failed, though true. Many of your readers must remember Rutter's Magnetoscope and its curious results; and for the last nineteen years I have frequently made to order vito-magnetic machines, of which the Planchette is but one. You must therefore excuse me if I acquit our American cousins of having stolen a march on us in the case of the Planchette.

I use two woods only in the manufacture of Planchettes—one is perfumed, scarce, and expensive; the other, of a cheaper and commoner kind. The cost of a Planchette is 12s. 6d. or 7s. respectively.

I am, your obedient servant,
THOMAS WELTON.
13, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, W.

[*Note.*—Can any one inform us whether the "Planchette" is for sale in America?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ Prize-ring English is happily instanced in the Coburn-McCool terms, which say they are to meet with "nothing in their hands but their fists."

☞ A murderer in Iowa says he prefers death to a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment.

☞ A train approaching Peoria, Illinois, the other night, ran at full speed through a prairie fire. The current of air saved it from the heat.

The Commencement of Old Age.

What are the signs of natural decay? When does old age commence? The natural history of individual death, without disease, is one of the subjects which it remains for modern physicians to study. When does the vital machine begin to wear out in the typically healthy man, and what are the ways by which normal decay, inevitable death, invade the aged man? With our modern means of precise observation and minute pathological research, we should be able now to lay the foundation for the answer to this most important question. The subject is suggested to us by a most thoughtful, able and well-written thesis on death, considered from the etiological points of view, by Dr. Acosta, of Paris, which will repay the perusal of reflective men. Discussing the difficulty of determining the commencement of old age, Dr. Acosta reminds us that, whilst the Greeks regarded the age of 49 (7 times 7, their climacteric number,) as the culminating point of human strength, and, at the same time, as the commencement of decadence, M. Flourens holds that decadence does not commence until the 70th year; an age which the Chinese, according to Sir John Bowring, regard as a metaphorical one, calling those who have attained to it "rare birds," and men of 50 years old "loiterers." The two climacteric ages of the Arabs were 63 and 81, being the multiplication of 9 (their magic number) by 7 and 9. The age of 63 was considered so critical that it was called the grand climacteric and the ancients were accustomed to mutually congratulate each when they had passed it. Quetelet, to a certain extent, admits the danger of this critical period; for he says, "From 60 to 65 years of age, vitality loses much of its energy; that is to say, the probability of continuing to live diminishes greatly."

M. Reveille Parise, while, in common with some other physiologists, allowing the existence of two other sources of strength in the constitution, which he names force in reserve and force in use, believes that the physiological fact which reveals old age is the progressive diminution of reserved force so superabundant in youth. There certainly exists some organizations which are proof against the ravages of time, and the attacks of sickness and death. Some men at the age of 80, 90, even 100 years, have preserved their sensoral and intellectual faculties, and their great mental energy, even to the last days of their life. A complete list of them would be too long. We will, therefore, only mention a few names. Plato died at the age of 81, pen in hand; Georgias continued his literary labors at the age of 107; Socrates writes his famous "Panegyric of Athens" in his 94th year; Theophrastus his "Characters" at ninety-nine; Cato learnt Greek after his sixtieth year; Cicero composed his charming work, "De Senectute," one year before his violent death; Voltaire wrote a great number of tragedies, "Tancrede" and "L'Orphelin de la Chine," amongst others worthy of his best time, at the age of sixty-five, and he came to Paris in his seventy-fourth year to give himself an intellectual treat, the representation of his tragedy of "Irene." There are also still living members of our profession, as well as the literary, scientific, and political world, who would illustrate the list of Nestors, remarkable both for their longevity and for intellectual labors to which they continue to devote themselves. Disraeli has said, "Old age has been a thing unknown to many men of genius."—*From the British Medical Journal.*

ESTRANGED.

I roamed to-day the sylvan scenes
We roamed together years ago,
And marked each spot that intervenes,
Where cowslips peep and daisies grow;
But ah! they smiled not as of old,
And every nook was sadly changed;
The warmth of all the past is cold,
Since Time has you and me estranged.

I breathed again the sweet perfume
That rises from the rich, dark ground,
Where mottled flowers of tiny bloom
Their gentle souls exhale around;
But ah! their sweets no more were drawn
With eager breath, and all seemed changed;
The fragrance of the past is gone,
Since Time has you and me estranged.

I sat beneath the oak tree grand,
On the old "Lover's Seat" alone,
And seemed to feel a small, warm hand
Creep tenderly within my own;
But ah! it thrilled not as of yore,
Since flesh for shadow was exchanged;
The feeling of the past is o'er,
Since Time has you and me estranged.

All clothed with peace I see you now,
Serene and soft as summer skies;
The same deep smile still lights your brow,
And kindly steals from lips to eyes;
But ah! for me its light is fled,
Its sunny joy to sadness changed;
The beauty of the past is dead,
Since you and I are still estranged.

☞ The Houston (Texas) Transcript says that from every part of the state the accounts of the grain crops are favorable—corn generally ranging in price from thirty-five to fifty cents per bushel. Beef is remarkably fine and cheap, and potatoes are hardly worth the harvesting, such is the quantity.

☞ In the present condition of the Pacific Railroad, it requires but fifteen days to transport passengers and mails from New York to San Francisco. Between Omaha and Salt Lake, the time required for transportation is five days.

☞ The New York Post suggests that railroad cars be provided each with a number of axes, so that in case of a smash, the victims might not perish for want of means to extricate themselves.

☞ One thoroughly good humored person in a house will do more to preserve both the moral and physical health of the inmates than a fashionable physician and a popular preacher together.

☞ A San Francisco paper looks forward to the time when grapes from California, by the Pacific Railroad, will be retailed in the Atlantic States at five cents a pound.

☞ A well-known lawyer of this city has named his new daughter Sues'an; and his neighbor the doctor calls his Theo-dose-ia.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Rather Hard on General Butler.

Professor Leja, a distinguished optician of New Orleans, visited Corinth a few weeks since, stopping at the Scruggs House. One day, while sitting at the table, conversing with Col. Johnson, the clerk, the conversation turned upon the yellow fever, with the various phases of which the professor was quite familiar—and, among other things, the course of Gen. Sheridan, in neglecting, while controlling the affairs of the Gulf Department, to take the usual precaution to ward off, or, at least, prepare the city for the visit of Bronz John, was (we know not how justly) severely condemned. In this connection, Col. Johnson remarked:

"You must confess, Professor, that notwithstanding his many faults, Gen. Butler exhibited great administrative ability, in the conception and prosecution of measures to save New Orleans from the dreaded pestilence while in command there."

Up jumped the optician, his face pale with ill-suppressed wrath, his eyes darting fire:

"By gar, vat you take me vor? You no believe in a God? You no believe zere is mercie? Yellow fever and G-e-n-e-r-a-l Butler at ze same time?!"

And the choleric Creole walked off almost foaming at the mouth, with fists clenched, muttering between his teeth, "Y-low fe-vor, he cannot believe zere is ze God who has mercie."

A Touching Story.

How sad and touching is the story told at Brussels, of the country farmer wandering by the park of Tervuren with his little son. "Who is that pale lady?" says the child, as the low carriage in which the Princess is driven through the grounds was seen through the opening in the palisades. "Ah, child, that lady has been known by many names. In this very place, when full of mirth and joy, she was called by her mother (oh, so fondly!) Lolotte—by her father Lottchen, because she was named after his first love, the fair English Princess, whom he never forgot to his dying day. Then she, too, grown fair and saintly, was called the Princess Charlotte. Afterwards, when a blooming bride, she became the Archduchess Charlotte. Last of all the Empress of Mexico! And now she is nothing more than the poor maniac—the helpless, hopeless lunatic, under Dr. Buster's care. Come, child, let us hasten on to church, or we shall be late for prayer."

☞ Fossil footprints have been discovered in rocks taken twenty feet from the surface of the earth on the banks of the Connecticut, near East Jeffrey, N. H.

☞ Is there not a profound religious meaning in this little oriental parable? "A woman went through the streets of Alexandria bearing a jar of water and a torch, and crying, 'With this water I will put out hell, and with this torch I will burn up Heaven, that God may be loved for Himself alone.'"

☞ A black man and a white woman wanted to get married, in Providence (R. I.,) a few days ago, but couldn't find a clergyman to do it.

☞ The population of Holyhead, England, turned out recently to see a man on the water. He wore large shoes, nearly the shape of snow shoes, and did not at any time sink below his knees.

☞ It recently chanced that Muggins came home late at night with a rent in a prominent part of his nether apparel. Handing the garment to Mrs. M., who was making preparations to retire, he requested that the repairing process be commenced immediately, in order that he might wear the garment on the morrow. To this Mrs. Muggins, sulky and sleepy, demurred, saying that it was bed-time, and too late for such performances. "My dear," said Muggins, with much dignity, "let me assure you it is *never* too late to mend." Operations on the pants commenced immediately.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Note.—This is the largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired, oct19-3m

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR

is one of the very best, cheapest and handsomest Boys' and Girls' Magazines in the world! Beautifully illustrated and a cover printed in color every month. **Volume XII commences January, 1868. Form Clubs now for new Volume. PREMIUMS FOR EVERYBODY.**—$1.25 a year. $1.00 to clubs. Specimen numbers and full instructions to Agents, 10 cents. **Agents wanted at every Post-Office and School District in the United States.** Address J. W. DAUGHADAY & CO., 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. dec14-3t

THE SECOND SESSION OF LECTURES in the PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY commences Jan. 1st, 1868. Located, NINTH AND LOCUST.—The above Institution has been thoroughly reorganized, and holds four sessions of lectures each year, embracing ten months of medical instruction. Under the new organization students can enter the College at any time during its session. No previous medical study is required, as all branches of medicine are taught. It has an able corps of professors and teachers, thus furnishing facilities for a regular and thorough medical and surgical education. Perpetual scholarship to the University $75 for first course, and $30 for second course students. W. PAINE, M. D., Dean, nov30-1y UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Philada.

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The Union Telegraph Institute of Oberlin, Ohio, guarantees situations to all its graduates. For particulars address GEORGE L. LANG, dec7-3t Principal.

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TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

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AGENTS WANTED.—Our agents say there is more money made and better satisfaction given selling BARBER'S PATENT PICTURE HOLDER, than any other agency business known. Descriptive Circular sent free. Address A. BARBER & BRO., nov22-3t Port Byron, Ills.

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ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

THE ENTIRE GRAND LINE

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FORTY MILLION DOLLARS IN MONEY

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution.

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2. The Union Pacific Railroad Bonds are issued upon what promises to be one of the most profitable lines of railroad in the country. For many years it must be the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, and being without competition, it can maintain remunerative rates.

3. The net earnings of the sections already finished are *several times greater* than the gold interest upon the First Mortgage Bonds upon such sections, and if not another mile of the road were built, the part already completed would not only pay interest and expenses, but be profitable to the Company.

4. The Union Pacific Railroad Bonds can be issued only as the road progresses, and therefore can never be in the market unless they represent a *bona fide* property.

5. Their amount is strictly limited by law to a sum equal to what is granted by the U. S. Government, and for which it takes a *second* lien as its security. This amount upon the first 517 miles west from Omaha is only $16,000 per mile.

6. The fact that the U. S. Government considers a second lien upon the road a good investment, and that some of the shrewdest railroad builders of the country have already paid in five millions of dollars upon the stock (which is to them a third lien), may well inspire confidence in a first lien.

7. Although it is not claimed that there can be any better securities than Government's, there are parties who consider a first mortgage upon such a property as this the very best security in the world, and who sell their Governments to re-invest in these bonds—thus securing a greater interest.

8. As the Union Pacific Railroad Bonds are offered for the present at ninety cents on the dollar, and accrued interest, they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than fifteen per cent. less than United States stocks.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
nov30-tf NEW YORK.

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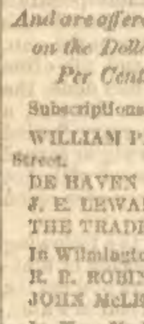

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(Established 1861.)

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GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden Eagle*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 30 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 15 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 85c., $1, best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 75c., 85c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 85c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article, by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 35c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the *Great American Tea Company*,
Nos. 31 and 33 *Vesey Street, N. Y.*

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens	at $1 25	$5 00
6 do	do	do	at 1 00	6 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	1 00
2 do	do	R. McCarter	at 1 25	2 50
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
1 do	do	Wm. Barnard	at 1 25	1 25
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 16 others—total				$31 50

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as there are none, or ever will be, any such branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.;
NEW YORK.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CURES

ARE OFTEN EFFECTED

BY SIMPLE MEANS.

LET THE INTERESTED READ.

Pain of the Back, Chest, and Side.

When there is pain, upon pressure or without, especially of the ribs, of the sacrum or breast bone—in aching from sprains or bruises—in stitches and cricks of the side, kidneys, &c.—in local affections, where strength or support are needed,

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

AFFORDS PERMANENT RELIEF.

Being flexible, they give no trouble, are wonderfully preventive of

Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throats,

and no application sooner relieves these troublesome maladies.

HISTORY OF, &c., &c.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the result of studies and experiments of Dr. Sobeeut of S. C., of Dr. Wm. Wagstaff, now Baron Wagstaff, of Horace H. Day, the distinguished manufacturer of rubber goods, and of Thomas Allcock, Chemist and Member of the College of Pharmacy of New York, now Col. Allcock, &c., &c.

Medical men of all schools are unanimous in their favor.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 11, 1864.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

Please send, with despatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a Plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated Plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

ALLENTOWN, PA., April 4, 1865.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

DEAR SIRS: My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly,
JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

An Important Letter.

SHERB OAK, YORKTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1860.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with a lame back over ten years, so as to be entirely helpless and unable to do any kind of hard work. In June last I procured one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and wore it three weeks, when I found my back entirely cured, and was able to mow and cradle as well as ever I could in my best days.

STEPHEN PUGSLEY.

The Really Great Plaster,

ALLCOCK'S POROUS

has the comfortness of kid, and the flexibility of a silk glove.

Dr. I. T. Henderson's Letter.

FARMVILLE, LA., March 8, 1859.

DR. T. ALLCOCK—Sir: I have been suffering under a severe attack of neuralgic disease of my bowels for years, with hypertrophy of the heart, and have tried everything known to the practice of medicine from the very best M. D.'s; but truth prompts me to say that your plasters have given me more permanent relief than anything else I have used, and I believe will produce a perfect cure.

The Counter-Irritant effect of your plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use.

Yours, very truly,
I. T. HENDERSON, M. D.

Sore Chest and Cough Cured.

DR. ALLCOCK:

SIR:—In May last I was visiting my cousin in Corning, who got me one of your POROUS PLASTERS for my chest. I was so sore through me at the time I could hardly speak or breathe. It was not more than three hours after I put it on before I felt comfortable. I had suffered very much from soreness of the chest, with cough and hoarseness, for months; but your plaster has cured me, and my health is better than it has been for years.

Yours, respectfully,
PHEBE PATCHER.

BEAVER DAM, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept. 14, 1866.

Cure of Crick in the Back and Lumbago.

LYONS, N. Y., July 4, 1862.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & CO.—Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in the back which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about the heart. I. H. SHERWOOD.

Where one was Sold a few Years ago, a Thousand Are Sold Now.

They strengthen, warm, and invigorate the part upon which they are applied, and relieve nervous affections of the bowels, lumbago, pains of the side, and nearly all local pains. In affections of the kidneys they are of great service.

Lame Back.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1859.

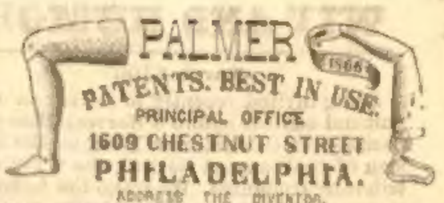
T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully,
J. G. BRIGGS,
(Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

☞ Sold in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., and all Druggists. nov26-eow2t



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-eow1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT NOV. 24th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, No. 116 Market Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE	12.00	M.
ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	3.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
ACCOMMODATION	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For this train tickets must be procured, and baggage delivered by 5.00 P.M., at 116 Market Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.25	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.50	"
ERIE MAIL	9.15	"
FAST LINE	9.25	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.10	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	7.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
FRANCIS FUNK, Ticket Agent 116 Market St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l. Sup., Altoona, Pa.*

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. oct19-3m

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. nov20-6m

$3000. AGENTS Wanted. $10 made from $1. Call and examine an invention needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Business light. Situation permanent—employment immediate. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New Street, New York. oct12-3m

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp, HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

Farm Life.

Being invited recently to deliver an agricultural address before a Harvest Home Association in Central New York, on the occasion of their annual festival, the "Fat Contributor" consented. We make the following eloquent extract from his address:

"Although fortune (or perhaps the want of it) cast my lot amid the struggling multitude of a great city, where you wouldn't see a farm in a walk of several squares, where there are no meadows with their waving potato-tops, or wheat-fields ripe for the woodman's axe, yet I have always felt a deep interest in the farming classes, and I flatter myself that I know something of the noble pursuit you follow. I will say here that it has been the ambition of my whole life to be an honest old farmer—to earn my bread by the sweat of a hired man's brow. How delightful life on a farm must be. I can imagine what vigor is imparted to the frame, and what strength to the muscles, by reclining in the shade and watching the mowers as they gayly swing their threshing machines; and then what an appetite one must acquire for the noontide lunch by observing the merry reapers at work digging their wheat, and raking and binding their potatoes and their fall apples!

"How often, in imagination, I have followed you as you went forth on a summer's morning when the dew was on the grass-seeds, neatly attired in white linen suits with patent leather boots, with your corn-shellers swung lightly over your shoulders to cut your winter's wood. I have seemed to hear your merry songs sweeping up from the meadows as you gathered your watermelons and turnips into your—corn-houses, while mingled with the busy hum of your sorghum evaporators came the musical bleating of your cattle, and the lowing of your sheep and poultry. I can imagine no greater delight than to gather round the blazing fireplace, regardless of the fascinations of the storm without, and amuse yourself with apple-pearing, knitting, base ball, seven up, and other athletic games."

"Dat Ish Me!"

Jews are first-rate citizens, all business men, but keeners on a trade. Sharper than chain-lightning, there is nothing allowed to stand between them and a trade. They seem to take as naturally to the clothing business as a duck does to the water. Not long ago a gentleman, wishing to purchase a fine blue cloth indigo-dyed coat, called upon a Hebrew, "in whom there is no guile," and looking over his stock, found that which appeared to suit him.

The purchaser was very particular to impress upon the seller that he wanted an indigo, not logwood dyed cloth, the smell of the latter being offensive to him. The coat was selected and tried on, when our Hebrew friend commenced his encominms:

"Now yust look at dat! It vas feet you like do paper on de vall. Dat is yust vat you vant!"

"Yes," said the customer, "but this is not what I want. This is a logwood dyed coat. I don't like the smell."

"My frient," says our dealer, "dat coat is yust vat you vant. It is not dat coat vat smells dat way; no, sir, *dat ish me!*"

It is needless to say that the gentleman did not purchase.

A Fireman's Story.

The gallantry and scorn of all peril that animated the better sort of the old Fire Department is still a pleasant subject of chat with old firemen and old residenters. Sometimes these legends may seem to be wanting in that strict veracity required in an affidavit, but they are nevertheless good enough to tell. For example:

One of "Big Sixes" men had rushed into a burning building to rescue a child. The flames had cut off his egress, and drove him to the fourth story. All means of escape appearing to be gone, he opened one of the windows and called out—

"I say, Jakey, jus' you bring the old squirt down to the kerb, put on a three-inch nozzle, and *let her come!* Jakey he put on the nozzle, the boys manned the breaks, up comes a stream as big as a *Bolony* and stiff as a poker. I jus' wrapped the little 'un in the old coat, put my legs and arms tight round the stream, and slid down to the pavement without hurtin' me or the child! *If you don't believe it, you can jus' come down to the house and see the baby!*"

A Medical Fact.

An Irish surgeon who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case, what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the *smallest needle*, or to perform any other operation, which required particular *accuracy* of *vision*. But that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one *letter* from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that,—*The woman had never learned to read!*

A First Class Snorer.

A fat friend, whose snoring power is so great that on a summer's night a watchman roused the family, thinking some one was dying in the house, lately stopped at a house in Montgomery county. Aware of his infirmity, he requested the landlord to give him a room as distant from other dormitories as possible, that he might not disturb their tenants. He retired in due time, and fatigued by travel, sunk into slumber, and soon began to snore, the sound gradually increasing from that of a droning bag-pipe to the loudest trooper's bugle. At length he was roused by a tremendous pounding at his door, which he opened, and inquired,

"What do you want?"

"Want!" exclaimed the fellow who had waked; "want! quiet to be sure. I've slept in a saw-mill, but, hang me, if I can stand your noise."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JULIA (reads)—
"'A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! * *
Dost thou like the picture?'
Isn't it beautiful, Augustus?"

AUGUSTUS (capital clerk, but no poet).—"Oh, uncommonly! But, my dear girl, you know we shall never be able to do that sort of thing on our thousand dollars a year!"

A Rich One.

A lighthouse keeper, recently appointed on the Jersey coast, made a ridiculous blunder.

Immediately after he had taken possession complaints were made that the lights went out by twelve o'clock. The proper officer was at once sent to look into the matter, and he was told that complaints were made against him.

"For what?" was the inquiry.

"Why," replied the officer, "they say that your lights do not burn after twelve o'clock at night."

"Well," was the reply, "I know they don't, for I put 'em out myself then, for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the *ile*."

Gray Hair and Its Use.

At the hair merchants sometimes very long hair is to be met with. Six feet is often attained, but such lengths as these are very valuable indeed. Gray hair is now much used for mixing with the scanty locks of the aged, for vanity in many cases journeys with us unto the end, and it is now largely employed in wig making. There is nothing that looks more unnatural than a bright brown or jet black wig upon an old withered face; the hair-dressers are beginning to see this. The weather works of age should be indicated in the hair as well as in the skin. This is now done by adding a few gray hairs into the dark peruque, and by changing the wig as years go by, throwing in a little more snow from time to time, the artist manages to let us down harmoniously, while the horrors of a bald pate are avoided. Gray hair has accordingly risen considerably in demand and in price; it is as dear now as the fashionable golden color.

In Paris, where old age seems to be a greater enemy than it is here, there are establishments where young girls are employed to pluck out gray hairs from the head and beard; but these are by no means thrown away. They fall to the lot of the perruquier, who works them up into the artful contrivances with which we hide the bare and shiny pate.

The color of the hair is wholly due to the pigment which is conveyed into it from the blood; hence the absurdity of plastering the hair with all kinds of pomatum, which only acts upon the outside of the hair. In all cases baldness and grayness are caused by an absence of this secretion. In baldness the root becomes obliterated, and of course the hair falls out. In grayness, however, there is a mere cessation of the pigment secreted. This may occur from other causes than age; sudden fear or great emotion has been known to turn people gray in the course of the night. In such cases the hair may recover its tint, although but rarely; but where grayness arises from natural decay it is vain to attempt to restore its color, and it is equally vain to attempt to make the hair grow again when it has once fallen off from the same cause. In youth, where fever has arrested nutrition and caused it to fall off, it comes with a recovery of strength; but where the bulb of the hair has perished, all the hair restorers in the world will prove ineffectual.

AGRICULTURAL.

Soiling vs. Pasturing.

Let me recite the experience and practice of a friend of mine. Coming into possession of about nine acres of land, in the neighborhood of a good market, made by the demands of a large literary institution, he cast about as to what was to be done. Two cows and a horse was the stock in trade for neat cattle. He was obliged to pay per season, men for pasturage, what they thought it was worth, and at the same time it was no small job to drive his cows back and forth. That determined him to keep his cows in the barn. The greatest trouble was the rapid accumulation of manure. By good husbandry he properly secured that—he kept feeding it to his crops. Finding his crops increasing he added another cow. Another cow only made more manure. More manure, husbanded in the same way, made more crops, and the third year he added another cow.

Now began another serious difficulty. His barn was too small. Still, at the end of the fourth year, he put in another cow, and set himself at work to get up a new barn, and when I last saw him he had a new barn with modern improvements, of good size, a horse, a pair of cattle and five cows, and yet had not thought of buying more land, but wanted more cows.

Now, people who do not want a large accumulation of manure and a gradual increase of crops, should not adopt that style. But it seems to me that, in our towns, where homesteads are in small lots and not easily procured, no better course can be pursued than soiling the cow, and at the same time fattening the soil.—*New England Homestead.*

Cost of Raising Cotton.

The Southern Cultivator copies the following estimate of the cost of raising cotton, from another Georgia paper, and adds, "we cannot see any great mistake in his figures or positions."

Two and one-half cents per pound tax on cotton, at the present price which rules in the market, is sixteen and two-thirds per cent. on the gross product, 25 per cent. on the net receipts. The percentage will ruin any planter who attempts to raise cotton with our present system of labor, and I think a great many are already ruined and have planted their last time.

We are now receiving a little more than 7 cents in gold, which is less than we had for it before the war, when we had no taxes to pay, and when every article, which a planter was compelled to purchase, was at least two-thirds cheaper. Then a pound of cotton would buy a pound of coffee, and a pound of cotton would purchase two and a half pounds of bacon—now it requires two pounds of cotton to buy a pound of meat, and nearly three pounds to buy a pound of coffee.

Take the following figures and compare the debt and credit and see if you think cotton can be raised at less than twenty cents in greenbacks:

Rent of land, say 100 acres, at $5 per acre	$500 00
Eight hands at $125 per annum	1,000 00
Board of hands at $1 per week	416 00
Feeding five mules, $60 each	300 00
Interest on the value of five mules ($700)	49 00
Blacksmith's bill, &c.	40 00
	$2,305 00

CREDIT.

By 38 bales, which is a very good yield without manure, $65	$2,145 00
In debt at end of the year	$160 00

I don't think I have overstated the expenses of cultivation, nor do I think I have at all underrated the gross product, and the more you increase the area of cultivation the greater in proportion will be your loss, because then you are obliged to have some one to superintend your hands and stock. I have said nothing about the cost of ginning, because I regard the seed as equal to this expense. The rent of land is low, because it will bring more than $5 in corn, wheat or peas.

I hope the Southern people will be warned in time, and unless this unjust and ruinous tax is taken off, cease to plant any more cotton than is actually needed to purchase a few supplies. Cease to raise it as an article of export; in other words, cease to raise it as the main crop. Raise your own provisions and devote only such surplus labor as can be easily spared to cotton; something to keep the hands employed after the corn is laid by. FARMER.

Items.

—To keep meat fresh, simply immerse it in buttermilk. This will keep it for several days, when the milk should be changed, and fresh milk substituted. In this way, beef, veal, &c., can be kept for several weeks, and it will be as sweet and fresh at the end of that time as when first put in. Our butcher furnished us with the receipt. The whole neighborhood is now saving its meat in this way. It is equally efficacious in the hottest weather.—F. G., in *Rural World.*

—Capt. Samuel Parsons, of Northampton, Mass., recently lost nearly 100 sheep. They were turned into a pasture in Westhampton, where, during the recent storm, they commenced eating laurel, which poisoned them.

—RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—Pack the hams, shank end downward, giving each piece a slight sprinkling of salt, and then pour over them when cold a brine made of 7 lbs. salt, coarse Western or Canada, dissolved in water and thoroughly skimmed before boiling, to each 100 lbs. of meat. The hams should remain wholly covered in this brine from four to six weeks, or until properly salted for cooking, then removed and dried and smoked. Having used this recipe for some years, I recommend it to all desiring a simple, cheap mode of curing hams so as to make them tender, sweet and juicy, without the use of saltpetre, sugar, or other ingredients. Try it. B. G. B.

—Dr. D. Walsh, of Rock Island, Illinois, well known as an entomologist, says that all his examinations have resulted in the conviction that the black knots on the plum tree is the effect of a fungus, and is not a disease nor a gall. He thinks the spores or seeds are formed about the end of July, in latitude 40 deg. 30 min., and therefore if the excrescences be all cut off and destroyed by the early part of July, an effectual stop will be put to their further spread.

—In Egypt, professional poulterers will take a hundred eggs and return therefor, at the end of three weeks, sixty chickens, keeping the remaining chicks and addled eggs for payment.

—THE STRAWBERRY TOMATO.—This tiny looking tomato is becoming a favorite among many good housewives for preserves. Its delicate flavor and its smooth skin renders it valuable for this purpose. When they were first introduced into this country people did not know what to do with them, but now, like their larger companions of the tomato family, they find a place on the table. They only repeat the history of all other vegetables when first introduced into notice. People are slow to accept them till they know whether they are good for anything. Thus what is at first cultivated only as a curiosity, becomes an object of real value.

—TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—A few days after it is made, or when worked to suit the taste, put two quarts of horseradish roots pounded fine into each barrel of 31 gallons—using this proportion of roots for a less or greater quantity of cider. B.

RECEIPTS.

VENISON, ROBERT SAUCE.—In the absence of venison, take beef or pork. Professor Blot used a piece of pork. Put the pork in a bakepan, with a little salt. Its own fat will keep it from burning. (Beef and venison will want a little broth in the bottom.) Put it in the oven. After half an hour's cooking turn it over.

The pork must be left in the oven till overdone. Venison must always be underdone. Dish and pour over it the Robert sauce.

ROBERT SAUCE.—One gill of vinegar and two onions on the fire till the vinegar has boiled away. Put a tablespoon of butter and one of flour in another pan and stir; when it browns, put in a little broth and stir. Turn it into the pan with the onion, and then the whole back again into the second pan.—*Prof. Blot.*

TO BOIL DUCKS.—Put the bird for a few minutes into warm water; then take it out and lay it in an earthen pan, pour a pint of boiling milk over it, and allow it to soak for three hours; dredge it well with flour, and put it into cold water; let it boil for twenty minutes, and then send it to table smothered with onion sauce.

RICE CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; pour in gravy or melted butter to fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry-powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill all interstices and to cover the top thick. Bake it for one-half or three-quarters of an hour.

HOW TO ROAST A PIG.—In the American Farmer (Rochester) we find the following receipt for roasting a sucking pig, sent to the editor by an English lady:—

"To have it in prime order, it should be from four to five weeks old, not older, and should be killed and dressed the day before roasting. I make a stuffing of bread crumbs, dry, and two or three good-sized onions chopped fine, and about two tablespoonfuls of finely powdered sage, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Allow no water in the pan, bake whole in a good oven, and rub often with a little bag of butter. When done, the fat should all be poured from the pan, a little water added to the brown gravy, boiled up, and either poured over the pig or served in a tureen. It should be served with hot plates, apple-sauce, hot, and very nice onion sauce.

"The onion sauce is made in the following way, and is excellent with roast leg of mutton, boiled mutton, or roast pork:—Peel six or seven good-sized onions, and boil in water. When tender, drain, and chop fine. Set to boil a little over a pint of milk, water will do if you have no milk, but it will require more butter. Take a tablespoonful of flour, blend with a small piece of butter, and stir in the milk. When boiling, put in the onions and serve hot.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Scrape and cut into thin slices four carrots, peel and slice three turnips, cut up two or three heads of celery, according to size, or the hearts of two lettuces. Peel and slice six large onions, or Spanish onions of corresponding weight, also six good sound potatoes. Fry these in half a pound of butter, or clear beef dripping; then pour on four quarts of boiling water, and let all boil slowly, or rather simmer, for three hours and a half, or even four hours. Season to your taste. When ready, strain and serve. A spoonful of mushroom, or walnut catchup, very much improves the soup; also it is good to stew with it a crust of bread toasted very hard and brown, but not burnt. Some persons like a handful of sweet herbs put in. In summer, instead of carrots, turnips, or celery, you may use some cucumbers, more lettuces, young onions, green peas, and mint, etc.

LIP SALVE.—Melt a lump of sugar in one and a half tablespoonfuls of rose-water; mix it with two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, a piece of spermaceti half as large as an English walnut; simmer the whole, and turn it into boxes.

KEEPING AND SETTLING COFFEE.—The following appears valuable: "For one pound of coffee take one egg and beat it well. When the coffee is nicely browned and cool enough not to cook the egg, pour the egg over it, stirring it until every kernel is coated with a varnish, and let it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This will prevent the escape of all aroma, is not affected by moisture, and the egg helps settle the coffee when it is ground and steeped." [This is the good old way of our grandmothers.]

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 lettem.
Omit my 1st and I belong to man and animals.
My 1, 3, is a relative.
My 4, 3, 1, is a signal.
My 1, 3, 4, expresses equality.
My 4, 2, 3, 1, signifies to gather.
My whole is a fruit.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pigeon is flying in a horizontal circle 100 yards in diameter, at the rate of 50 miles an hour; one mile above *the centre* of this circle is a hawk, which seeing the pigeon, starts directly toward it at the rate of 100 miles an hour. How far will each have flown, and how long will it be until the pigeon is caught, the hawk flying directly towards it all the time? Will some reader of the "Post" please send solution to

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man standing at the right angle between two objects, walks N. N. W. 8 miles, and is then equally distant from each object; he then walks three miles further in the same direction, and finds he is in a right line with the objects. Required—the distance of his first position from each object.

E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hiladale Co., Mich.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between truth and eggs? Ans.—"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but eggs won't.

☞ When is a house like a bird? Ans.—When it has a wing.

☞ What reason have we to believe that Noah brewed beer in the ark? Ans.—Because a kangaroo was seen going on board with hops.

☞ A friend asks, "Why are a fashionable young lady's brains like a speckled trout?" Ans.—Because they love to sport under a waterfall."

Answers to Last.

TRIPLE ENIGMA—The alphabet. TRANSPOSITION—Wad (sad, pad, wod, wan, was, war, wag.)

A Scotchman on Miracles.

"Well, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then go to violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said uncle, very reverently, "what God may do, or what He winna do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation o' the laws o' nature. There's nae violation o' the laws o' nature, or rather the laws o' God, that I ken o', save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, to be merely such an interference wi' the established course o' things, as infallibly shows us the presence and the action o' a supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half-past twelve, exactly, Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said uncle, pulling a huge old time piece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock we' me, I generally keep my watch a bittie forrit (a little forward.) But I may hae a special reason the noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands o't around. Noo wad ye say that I have violated the laws o' a watch? True, I have done what watchdom wi' a' its laws couldna have done for itself; but, as you see, I have done violence to nane o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end, and I have suspended nae law, violated nae law. Well, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God, acting worthily o' himsel', and we hae a' that I contend for in a miracle; that is the unquestionable presence of an Almighty hand working the divine will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already, and wha daur say that He'll not get leave to do't again?"

Poisonous Air.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times thus refers to the poison which persons inhale in crowded halls:—

Some one has been making an analysis lately of the air we breathe in a theatre or other close house containing a thousand or more persons. He carried into a theatre at 10 o'clock at night a bottle of ice placed on a plate, and then collected the vapor which rapidly condensed on the outside of the bottle and flowed down on the plate. At first the vapor thus collected had the smell, the taste, and, so far as could be determined, every chemical quality belonging to the waters of the most deadly fever marshes. Under the microscope this water was at first clear, but soon, that is to say, in a week, it was found to be full of fine animalcules. A little later on, these animalcules had grown, and the big ones were seen pursuing and devouring the little ones. Still later on, at the end of two months, the water was thick with animalcules, various forms were seen, and still the work of destruction was going on. At last, but three hideous monsters were seen—microscopic monsters of course, since they were contained in a drop of water—and these were still fighting to see which could devour the other. At the end of three months the water became clear and miasmatic again.